

Compulsion

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/27213325) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/27213325>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	The Lord of the Rings - All Media Types , The Lord of the Rings - J. R. R. Tolkien , The Lord of the Rings (Movies) , The Hobbit - All Media Types , The Hobbit - J. R. R. Tolkien , The Hobbit (Jackson Movies)
Relationship:	Legolas Greenleaf/Thranduil
Character:	Elrond Peredhel , Legolas Greenleaf , Thranduil (Tolkien)
Additional Tags:	Explicit Sexual Content , Smut , Angst , Fuck Or Die , Incest , Father/Son Incest , First Time , Loss of Virginity , Mildly Dubious Consent , Minor Violence , Dominance , Submission , Power Dynamics , Oral Sex , Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , Light Bondage , Teasing , Orgasm Delay , Masturbation , Rimming , Self-Denial , Light Sub/Dom , Minor Character Death
Stats:	Published: 2020-10-26 Completed: 2020-11-19 Chapters: 10/10 Words: 32667

Compulsion

by [artemisia3000](#)

Summary

Legolas is poisoned by an Elvish date-rape aphrodisiac that gets progressively more powerful the longer the victim resists the urge, which usually culminates in death. He refuses to use a Mirkwood elf for this purpose because, as their Prince, they cannot refuse him, so to his mind, they cannot consent, even when one is practically handed to him a platter by this father. Thranduil, out of his mind with fear of losing his son, does what he needs to do to save his son's life.

Intoxication

Chapter Notes

When you're picturing Legolas, picture LOTR Legolas rather than the one from the Hobbit because that's how I wrote him.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Thranduil considered himself steady and unshakeable, even in the most dire of circumstances, while others around him succumbed to their weaknesses. There was little that he prided himself on more than his strength of will and his ability to think rationally. He once, many centuries ago, bore torture with as little outward sign of being affected as a servant seeing to an unpleasant yet familiar task on his chore sheet. So even he was surprised by how quickly most of his defences collapsed in the face of the rapidly deteriorating state of his beloved son that night.

The evening went out of its way to give him the distinct impression that there was absolutely nothing out of the ordinary at first. A midsummer feast at Mirkwood full of his subjects and a small party from Imladris. His kinsmen celebrated the changing season with an abundance of Dorwinion's finest supplied by the nearby Lake Town, while some of the Noldor started a dance near the dais. With irritation, he noticed Elrond had completed his rounds of greeting all of Thranduil's advisors as he began to make his way over to the Elvenking himself with an irritating smile, coming to sit at his table.

Thranduil was thus grateful when Legolas distracted him from having to make conversation with the Peredhel by complimenting the beauty of some of the wood elves at a nearby table, as it allowed him to indulge his son in conversation instead of Elrond, who, while well-meaning, irritated him sufficiently to make him ache to lose his temper, just once. As it happened, he shared his son's opinion of the elves in question and, despite his cold exterior, he loved his subjects greatly and spoke of them with pride. Very soon, however, Thranduil's benevolent gratitude turned into confusion when Legolas began to describe the body of one of the elves in an explicit level of detail, using a vocabulary that he did not know Legolas possessed.

It was not long before the confusion gave way to bemused irritation as Legolas, visibly flushed, started to loosen the clasps on his silver high-necked tunic as he turned to appraise Elrond with a look of what could only be described as lust, had it graced the face of someone other than his innocent son. Turning just in time to catch Elrond's initial reaction to his son's strange behaviour, Thranduil experienced a half-second of pleasure as he realised that this was likely going to be the best chance he was ever going to get of pummelling the incessant half-elf with his bare fists, until he saw any interest that Elrond's face may have shown sour into deep concern directed at his son and felt himself seized by an ice-cold fear.

Elrond's eyes met Thranduil's before he leapt into the familiar role of the healer-statesman, while Thranduil stared at the scene around him, uncharacteristically unsure of what to do. As Elrond reached to examine Legolas, the young elf practically rubbed himself against him, making Elrond pull back in surprise. Picking up Legolas's cup, Elrond swirled the deep violet liquid carefully before bringing it up to his nose, his face impassive for a fraction of a moment until his eyes widened with a gasp.

“Poison,” he mouthed to Thranduil when he finally looked up to meet his gaze.

That was enough impetus for Thranduil to take control of the situation. He picked up the goblet carefully, setting it to the side and, after a moment’s hesitation, called for a servant to bring it into his chambers without coming into contact with it and to leave immediately once the task was complete. Using both hands to cajole his increasingly difficult son to follow him, he was shocked when in a moment of struggle, he leaned into Legolas and felt the undeniable shape of his stiff arousal. In that moment, his eyes met his son’s as Legolas’s eyes widened, his cheeks flushed lightly and the young elf stopped struggling, as he looked down at his feet. Stealing a quick glance towards Elrond, satisfied that he was following, he led them both to his private chambers.

Legolas had little memory of leaving the high table or the increasingly loud arguments that his father was having with Lord Elrond as he slept but which he knew he heard. He woke up in his father’s bed with no memory of falling sleep. Struggling to piece together the unfamiliar circumstances that led him there, he became aware of three things at the same time now that most of the alcohol that was making it hard to think earlier had left his system. One, his father and Lord Elrond were still in the room, looking tired and extremely unhappy. Two, when he looked at Lord Elrond, his mind was flooded with indecent images of the Peredhel taking him roughly in a myriad of different positions. Three, something was very, very wrong.

Legolas closed his eyes and wished for sleep to take him again but he had no such luck. Elrond had evidently noticed that he was awake and was now moving towards Legolas, his hands reaching for his face, eyes full of concern. As he reached the Prince, placing a gentle hand on each side of his face, unintentionally pressing lightly on the loose braiding around his temples, an onslaught of sexually explicit images bombarded his tenuous consciousness again and, before he realised what he was doing, Legolas let out a deep, breathy moan, causing Elrond to back away sharply.

“It affects him still. I’m sorry,” whispered Elrond, “it is exactly as we thought.”

Unable to comprehend anything that was happening, Legolas furtively looked around the room, as though searching for answers. Thranduil made a move to reach for his son from the other side of the bed.

“No!” exclaimed Elrond, before pausing to choose his words carefully. “I’m sorry, my friend. Your proximity would be... similarly unhelpful under the current circumstances.”

For the first time in at least a century, Legolas felt scared and he felt small, more like an elfling than the seasoned warrior that he grew up to be. He resisted the urge to crawl deeper under the blankets and hugged himself.

“What’s wrong with me?” he finally spoke.

After a quick glance at Thranduil, Elrond took a deep breath and began to answer in the calm, detached manner of an experienced healer, “You were poisoned, by a concoction we believe to be caethalhoer. It is extremely rare, and with good reason, but we do know a little about it, from mostly second-hand accounts. At this point, however, we do not know whether you were the intended target or if the poisoner got the wrong glass but your father has devoted significant resources of the realm to investigating the incident. As far as we know, you were the only one affected.”

Legolas gasped silently as he processed this information. Looking at their grim faces, he knew he should be worried but he struggled to understand why they looked so concerned when he felt fine.

Well, not *fine*, exactly, but... He frowned at the new sensations attacking his senses as he inhaled Lord Elrond's scent from across the room and a dark understanding settled over his face as he lowered his eyes.

"What are the symptoms of this poison?"

Elrond took another look at Thranduil who avoided his eye contact and kept his gaze fixed on his son with a look of deep concern.

Pausing to take a deep breath, he continued, "It is an aphrodisiac, if you could call it that. It creates feelings of sexual arousal, which get progressively more intense over time if the urge is not... quenched."

Legolas sighed and closed his eyes completely, before clumsily waving at him to continue when he grew tired of waiting to hear the rest of it, in a gesture that he would have previously found rude but which he did not have the strength to consider now.

To Thranduil's eyes, Legolas had never looked as young as he looked now, not since he was an elfling. He still wore the fine silver tunic from last night over the same pair of black leggings, as neither of the Eldar felt it wise to undress him in his current state, though Legolas had broken several of the clasps as he struggled in this sleep so he looked more dishevelled than he had ever looked in his life. It broke his heart to see Legolas crumple before his eyes as his expression alternated from misery to shame to resignation.

Finally, Legolas seemed to find the strength to speak, though he continued to look down at his hands.

"I see. Well, as inexperienced as I may be when it comes to... these matters, I am not so innocent that I am unable to remedy the situation. Alone. If you would grant me some privacy."

The room was silent which made Legolas's anxiety rise exponentially. He finally found the courage to look up, only to see Lord Elrond and his father exchange unhappy looks. Suddenly, his fatigue combined with his increasingly urgent arousal and his frustration at only being given half answers, and he lost his temper.

"Whatever it is, just tell me now. I am not an elfling in need of protection from what I need to know," he said in a raised voice while raising his chin as far as he dared, with an outward courage that he did not feel, while continuing to avoid their eyes. As before, it was Lord Elrond who continued as Thranduil chose to resolutely look behind his son's head at a pair of antlers mounted on the wall as if seeing them for the first time.

"I am sorry, Legolas, but that is not an option. The potion is designed to encourage coupling. If it were possible to... resolve the situation that way, it would defeat the purpose. In fact, the design of the poison is such that should the victim — and yes, I say victim, as the intent behind this design is sadly all too clear — attempt it, it would only escalate the effects of the poison, such that it would make survival all but impossible."

He paused, before adding more quietly, with a degree of regret in his voice, "From what we know of the poison, we believe that it requires... penetration." Legolas blanched.

Elrond continued, "Legolas, tithen-nín, I am sorry but almost all of the elves who have been poisoned with caethalhoer, who do not couple, die, usually within a matter of days. Few of these

cases are documented to begin with, as it is, thankfully, rare in this age, and outlawed in most realms — for reasons that I am sure are now clear — and many of the older accounts are lost to history. But the primary reason why we have so few accounts to go on appears to be because the desire it instils in its victims is so great that very few have been able to resist its compulsion.”

Legolas felt the world as he knew it collapse around him as he gave up all attempts at the artifice of strength and, curling into himself, began to weep softly. With immense gratitude, he felt himself drift in and out of consciousness before unhappily returning to the present. Both his father and Lord Elrond were still sitting at either side of his bed, watching him as if he might bolt. After silently passing Legolas a glass of juice, which he took gratefully, Thranduil finally spoke in a deceptively calm tone of voice, as though he were discussing the adequacy of grain reserves in preparation for a long winter and not the defilement of his drugged son.

“Legolas, we will find you a mate. Someone suitable, someone who will make this easy for you. I will make the arrangements, though your input would be appreciated. Perhaps it is easier for someone in your position as you can have your pick of suitors, all of whom would be honoured to serve their Prince.” For the first time in his life, Legolas thought he was going to be sick.

The feeling passed but he still needed time to collect himself sufficiently to respond, before finally whispering, “No”.

Thranduil and Elrond started to speak at once, talking over each other, until Elrond yielded to his friend, who began to speak, “Tôn-nín, I’m sorry but you must do this. You will die without it. I’d rather this happened differently but it is no matter now—“

“No. I will not. I will not couple with someone who yields to me because of my position and authority. I cannot do it.”

This time, it was Elrond who spoke up, “Legolas, please consider your options. This is a matter of life or death. You are only in the initial stage of the poison’s effects. Once your body begins to truly succumb to the effects of the poison, the agony will be unbearable. Your arousal will be such that the urge to mate will be physically painful. When you are at that stage, you will be so aroused that you will want to mate with anyone, just to put an end to the pain. You cannot even imagine what that will feel like.”

Legolas took a deep breath before replying quietly, “I am already at that stage.” He looked straight into Lord Elrond’s eyes for the first time since awakening from his restless sleep, his pupils blown wide with lust as he licked his lips subconsciously.

“But I can resist it and I will continue to resist it. I will not allow it to corrupt me.”

Thranduil felt himself panic — really, truly panic – for maybe the first time in a millennium. Excusing himself so he could speak to Elrond alone, he slipped into the adjoining study and impatiently waited for his friend.

A long minute later Elrond walked in and silenced the Elvenking with a gesture of his index finger before he could begin.

“I know what you’re going to say and the answer is no. We cannot simply find him a mate and force them upon him. Your son will not allow it.”

“For all of your talents, Elrond, you cannot read minds,” Thranduil sneered and took a deep breath

before continuing, his visage less sure and more strained than when he started. He avoided looking at Elrond, fixing his gaze to the wall as he continued.

“If not them, then you,” Thranduil paused before adding quietly, “*please.*” For once in his long life, Elrond seemed shocked into silence, though he recovered quickly enough.

“Thranduil, I’m not sure you’re thinking straight. Legolas is like a son to me. I could never do such a thing.”

“It is precisely because he is like a son to you that you must do it,” Thranduil uttered with an emotion so tender that his friend did not think he had ever heard him speak that way before.

“Please. Do not let him die if it is in your power to save him.”

Elrond took a steadying breath and started out of the room, turning back just to whisper, “I’m sorry.”

Thranduil quietly re-entered his chambers, making sure to slip on his well-worn mask of cold indifference to hide the desperation and fear that threatened to grip his heart from his son. He did not want to add to his burden. He found Legolas on his bed, sitting on his knees, as though in prayer, leaning back so his weight rested on his feet, his hands sitting rigidly on his thighs, his eyes closed in meditation.

Despite his attempts to control what was happening to his body, Thranduil could see that the effects of the poison were even more pronounced than before. The alabaster skin on Legolas’s cheeks was flushed with swirls of dusky pink, his breathing was laboured and uneven, and his thin leggings were straining over an unmistakeable bulge. Despite his restive pose, his entire body was as taut as a bowstring, coated in a sheen of sweat as though from the exertion of maintaining control, and Thranduil marvelled at his son’s willpower, with no small amount of admiration, that he had not already snapped and given into what must be an overwhelming need.

Feeling a stab through his heart at his son’s pain, he took a step towards Legolas before he was able to push down that errant feeling as a useless distraction. The moment he stepped from behind the curtain separating the entrance to the rest of the bedchamber, Legolas’s eyes snapped open and fixed upon his father’s with an intensity Thranduil had never seen before. An involuntary shiver ran through his body while his eyes remained fixed on his son’s, unable to look away. His pupils were almost completely dilated, making his eyes appear violet, under a sheen of unshed tears and an almost feral hunger. What he saw in his eyes was confirmation that Thranduil made the right decision.

“Enter,” he commanded loudly, before two elves, one male and one female, stepped through the curtain and stood parallel to Thranduil but remaining well behind, as if uncertain about how they would be received or what, exactly, would be asked of them.

Chapter End Notes

This is my first time writing smut. In fact, this is my first time writing fanfiction of any kind. I have most of the story drafted but I would be very grateful for your thoughts, comments and feedback before I finalise it. I will be posting new chapters very soon.

Just a heads up, in case the tags were not clear, there is extremely graphic, very angsty smut coming up.

I used some Sindarin words for flavour but just assume that whenever anyone speaks, they are speaking in Sindarin, because why wouldn't they?

Intemperance

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was at this point that Legolas's eyes left Thranduil's and snapped wildly to their new visitors. The only thing the elves were wearing were featherlight silver tunics, so sheer that Legolas could see every curve and line of muscle of their bodies. He bit his lip to stifle a groan that threatened to escape from somewhere deep in his throat, and tasted blood. He did not know these elves on sight but they were clearly chosen for their beauty; both unusually fair even for elves, all sinew, curve, pearly flesh and flushed plump lips. Somewhere in the back of his mind, Legolas registered that both of them had long, flowing blond hair which was somewhat unusual in their realm but he was too far gone to give this detail any more thought.

Legolas closed his eyes in an attempt to erase their image from his eyes and took a deep, steadying breath. He was tired, so very tired, and he felt something snap as a hysterical laugh erupted from his mouth and echoed around the cavernous room before settling.

“You didn't know whether I favoured males or females so you brought me one of each?”

Thranduil did not reply but Legolas could feel his eyes on him, seemingly waiting for his son to answer his own question — whether in words or action, he did not know. His laughter died down as quickly as it sprung up but his eyes remained closed. He was not going to be coaxed into giving in to the cursed potion, no matter the inducement. If he could just remain where he was, seeing nothing, he could get through this.

It appears Thranduil was thinking along similar lines because the next thing he heard was the rustle of cloth and a quiet, almost embarrassed moan from the male elf. The moan skirted on the boundaries of Legolas's restraint and he could not stop his eyes from flying open towards the source of the sound. He regretted his slip bitterly as, at the image in front of him, his body was flooded with fresh waves of lust so suddenly that he felt a little light-headed. Both elves were now completely nude, their lithe bodies glittering in the rays of moonlight fluttering through the curtains. They were closer to him now, and Legolas cursed himself for noting that it would take just two steps for him to grab one of them and pull the supple elf flush against his body.

He needed not wonder what caused the sound. His father stood behind the male elf, majestically regal, even in such strange circumstances, one hand elegantly held behind his back while the other stroked the elf's rigid cock with slow yet firm movements. Thranduil's eyes met his son's and did not let go. Legolas's breath hitched almost imperceptibly at the sight before he could control himself, his eyes mesmerised by the movement of his father's hand. He felt himself grow even harder, his arousal physically painful, as he panted and tried to control his breathing. He searched for something to say but fell mute, unable to break through the thick haze of arousal.

As if distantly, he saw his father dismiss the female elf with a flick of his other hand, while his right hand remained on the elf who was now letting out strained moans as though Thranduil was hurting him. Perhaps, thought Legolas as a thrill ran through his spine, he was. He had raised himself up without realising it, every muscle in his body strained, and he felt himself break as his head fell back with a pained growl.

“Please,” he keened. “No more. I cannot take anymore.”

Thranduil observed his son and he as much felt as saw his mounting arousal. He was certain he would break. No matter his noble intentions and high principles, he knew from the methodical review of his library that he and Elrond conducted while his son slept that the strain the poison was exerting on his body would have been unbearable for anyone to endure for more than a few hours at the most, and that was assuming the unfortunate victim was a mature elf. Thranduil shivered to imagine how it must have affected his inexperienced, untouched son, or the depth of his torment after almost 12 hours of wrestling with an ever-mounting desire to plunge himself into another warm body and chase his release.

He thus had no compunctions about summoning a score of his fairest subjects to his throne room, commanding them to strip before him so he could inspect their nude bodies and ordering the two most beautiful ones to copulate with his son, in whichever way he desired. What Legolas naively saw as corrupt compulsion, Thranduil understood as duty. Duty to the realm. Duty to their King. Duty to their Prince. He was sure that, at the sight of the exquisite bodies before him, Legolas would break and give in to the urges that currently had him in a bruising chokehold. So sure, in fact, that he was able to temper the fear that threatened to seize his heart every time he thought about his beloved son fading and losing the only thing he had left in the entire Middle Earth. Besides, he thought, looking at Legolas now — his face and throat flushed a deep magenta, his breathing erratic, skin glistening with sweat, his head thrown back in painful pleasure as his starlight hair cascaded around his shoulders, hands in tight fists by his sides, clenching and releasing, teeth grinding while the boy actually writhed on the bed in a misguided attempt to relieve some of the pressure while soft mewls fell from his swollen lips — he no longer believed it was duty alone that would compel Hauriel to submit to his prince. The boy was magnificent in his agony and Thranduil was surprised to find his own body responding to the sight before him before he crushed that instinct with an iron fist.

Yet Legolas remained resolute. Bent, strained but not broken. The realisation that he might lose his beloved son sent an ice cold shard through his heart and worry — true worry — began to grip him. More drastic measures were required and no measure was too drastic for Thranduil if failure meant losing Legolas.

Legolas was not sure how much time had passed since he spoke. It could have been hours just as well as minutes. He tried desperately to regain his composure and tried to concentrate on his breathing, an exercise which always relaxed him as an elfling but one that now had a secondary purpose as he felt himself skate dangerously close to the limits of consciousness. He was rock-hard and his efforts to fight every instinct in his body took their toll as he began to uncharacteristically sweat through his tunic and leggings.

Unbidden, his mind starting to flood with explicit images of the beautiful elf that he knew still stood before him, even with his eyes closed. He imagined commanding him to his knees in his father's authoritative voice before roughly fucking his face until he came down his throat. He imagined throwing him on the bed and taking him from behind with only a thin coat of peppermint oil for lubrication. Never before had he wanted something with such overwhelming singularity and the temptation to touch himself was beginning to overwhelm him.

When he heard a deep, animalistic growl that twisted into a breathy moan echo palpably around the room, he felt the tightly controlled ropes of his mental restraints fray, looking up for little more than a second but long enough to see an image so indecent that he almost passed out. Although he shut his eyes immediately, the image of Thranduil standing, ramrod straight, in the full glory of his height, high above the elf who now knelt beneath him, robes parted at the centre, with his own hand at the base of his thick cock that he fed into the elf's slick mouth with both brutality and

deliberateness, while the other restrained the elf by the roots of his hair, remained even when he closed his eyes, as though burned onto his eyelids.

Still on the bed, Legolas rolled away into the farthest corner of the bed, wrapping his arms around his sides and curling in on himself. He began to quietly weep.

Taking Legolas's reaction as capitulation, Thranduil sighed silently in relief and whispered into Hauriel's ear, who nodded and elegantly crawled to the corner of the bed that held Legolas.

Thranduil watched as the silvan approached his son and raised himself in a half-predatory, half-submissive position until Legolas turned sufficiently to meet his eyes, tears still falling intermittently from his dark lashes. A second passed as Legolas just looked at him, eyes darting around his face, down to his straining erection and settling on his mouth, before he suddenly pulled away several inches as if in surprise.

"My Prince," Hauriel whispered in a slightly hoarse voice, causing Legolas to shut his eyes, before immediately snapping them back to the radiant, naked elf just inches away from his body. His eyes darted from his eyes to his lips as he leaned forward so slowly that Thranduil would have missed the movement had he not been watching the scene like a hawk.

An ugly feeling a little bit like jealousy bloomed for a second in his chest before he crushed it. He would give anything for his son to rid himself of this poison and live. Whatever peripheral emotions this bizarre incident evoked were incidental and unimportant. He would die for his son. But he could not deny the attraction of watching his ethereally beautiful son etching slowly towards Hauriel with blown-wide pupils and a pretty flush emanating from his chest that now spread over most of his skin. He had never seen his son in this state before. He was certain no one has.

As if in a trance, Legolas slowly moved to sit at the edge of the bed, his feet on the floor, without his eyes ever leaving the silvan before him, who now kneeled before Legolas reverentially, his eyes full of awe and anticipation, his arousal straining against his stomach. Thranduil watched as Hauriel raised himself slightly until he was eye level with Legolas, leaned forward almost-nervously and gently pressed his lips to the Prince's, who closed his eyes as his breath hitched, and froze.

For several long seconds, the room was utterly still, as Hauriel kept his lips pressed against his Prince's, seemingly afraid of moving a single muscle while Legolas remained unresponsive. Hauriel began to retreat and Thranduil was afraid that his plan had failed until, with a pained growl, Legolas grabbed him by the neck with one hand as he threaded the other through his hair, and pulled him into a bruising, open-mouth kiss that had Hauriel gasping and bucking against the Prince as Legolas moaned. Thranduil could not stop a gasp escaping when his son roughly grabbed Hauriel, and in one fluid movement threw him onto his back on the bed and climbed on top of him, pressing himself into the elf with a searing kiss before just as rapidly pulling away as if to examine the elf beneath him.

Mesmerised, Thranduil watched from his vantage angle as his son, his pupils dilated and his body straining under the effort of holding himself still, whispered through panted breaths, "What would you have me do?"

"Take me, my Prince," Hauriel replied, quieter than a whisper as his hand rose to grasp at the warm body above him before sharply retracting it, as if thinking better of it.

“Take you? Is that what you wish?” Legolas croaked, as though drained of energy to speak. The air in the room felt thick as Legolas appeared on the precipice of succumbing to his desires. He only needed a push.

“Yes, my Prince, if you desire it. It would be my honour to serve you in any way you wished.”

Thranduil did not consider himself someone who enjoyed mindless violence but he took great pleasure in imagining himself snapping the pretty neck of this pretty elf with his bare hands. Just as this thought flitted through his mind, he was unsurprised to see Legolas recoil as though slapped. His eyes widened as he seemed to realise where he was and he backed away like a cornered animal, so fast he almost fell out of the bed.

“Get out,” Legolas barked. “Now.”

Perhaps realising that he said the wrong thing yet too shocked to respond, Hauriel, still nude, scuppered off the bed and out of the room with as much grace as he could muster while Thranduil ignored him completely and took several steps towards his son before uncharacteristically dropping to his feet by Legolas’s bed. Looking down at his hands, he began to speak but was immediately interrupted by his son who curled into himself as he spoke, avoiding eye contact with his father.

“Don’t. Please don’t. I will not rut against one of your subjects, who submits only out of fealty, like an animal in heat.”

Thranduil sighed, “Legolas, you are young and inexperienced. And foolish. It was not your crown that made Hauriel kneel.”

“No, on this point we agree. It was yours.” Legolas began to softly weep again while his hands began to erratically roam his body.

“I don’t know how much more of this I can take,” Legolas's voice dropped to a whisper. "I fear I am losing my mind.”

Moving so fast that all Legolas saw was a blur, Thranduil was suddenly perched on the bed, strong arm draped over his son as his hand firmly gripped his son's wrist before it could connect with his clothed erection. Legolas mewled and breathed through a few ragged sobs. Pinning his wrist over his head before picking up the other with his left hand and joining them together, Thranduil stared into his son’s eyes as Legolas panted and looked everywhere around the room before finally, reluctantly meeting Thranduil’s eyes.

“I know what you desire, iôn-nín, but you must understand that you cannot.” Legolas could not remember the last time his father sounded so tender or so broken. “It will accelerate the effects of the poison. You will not survive it.”

Legolas tried to steady his breath but mostly failed. If anything, as inconvenient as this was, he felt even more aroused than when Hauriel’s soft, slick mouth was just inches away from him, begging to be used, or when he had him pressed between his thighs, pleading to be taken. He tried to push these images out of his mind but they were immediately replaced by an image of Thranduil slowly yet roughly fucking the young elf’s mouth. Legolas shivered and bucked up into his father, causing Thranduil’s hips to instinctively grind against his momentarily before awareness of what he was doing caught up with him and he leaped away from his son, as if burned.

Closing his eyes as tears continued to fall from the edges, Legolas whispered in a resigned voice, so softly Thranduil almost missed it.

“Legolas?”

“I said restrain me. Please.” Thranduil looked at his son’s face, looked around the room and returned his gaze to his son, affixing it more firmly, as if tethered to him. He raised himself off the bed while keeping his eyes trained on Legolas, reached into his desk without breaking eye contact, and returned to the bed with a silver rope.

“Give me your wrists.”

Chapter End Notes

I was a little nervous about posting my very first fanfic story, particularly because of how dark, smutty and angsty it is, but you guys have been absolutely lovely and welcoming so I didn't want to make you wait long for the second chapter.

Please, please, please let me know what you thought. I got my very first comment ever today and it was so nice that it made my whole day.

Again, heads up - each chapter will be more smutty than the previous so be warned.

Abstinence

In his current state, Legolas had a poor grasp of the passage of time but he nevertheless noted the speed and efficiency with which his father tied the rope to the frame of the bed before beginning to loop it firmly around his wrists. With a frisson that ran through his limbs and settled in his loins, he imagined his father binding a lover this way, leveraging his immense strength and experience, as he tried desperately not to buck into the hard body above him.

Just as he began to tighten the rope around his right wrist, a different thought struck Legolas that made him pull back as though slapped, weaving his hand out of Thranduil's grasp.

"Wait." At his father's weary look, he continued, "Promise me that once I am restrained you will not bring in some elf for me to copulate with."

"Legolas," Thranduil sighed, "you are being irrational."

"Swear on my mother's soul that none of our subjects," he paused, struggling to think in his dazed state, vaguely remembering something important and struggling to put it into words, "nor Lord Elrond's will enter this chamber."

"Oh, Valar," Thranduil looked despondent but resigned as he looked at his son before stating firmly, with the gravitas that he knew his son expected, "I swear it."

Meeting his father's eyes, who looked at him with a silent question in his eyes, Legolas gave a brief nod and relaxed his body, as far as that was possible in his current state, allowing his wrists to be bound by the rope and secured over his head to the bed frame. Testing his father's work, he flexed his arms and pulled on the rope but it did not give way beyond the small leeway that was allowed by design. Although his legs were still free, he knew that, short of kicking someone, this would be of no use to him in an escape attempt.

He found himself both terrified and even more greatly aroused by the realisation that he could not get free even if he tried and that he was completely at his father's mercy. He closed his eyes and tried to breathe through it, his earlier thoughts about Thranduil and the rope returning in an even richer assortment of images now that it stopped being an abstract concept and he was actually tied to the bed. Now that he could feel his powerlessness against his father's master knots. Legolas surmised that at some point Thranduil had changed because in place of his ornate dress-tunic from the feast, his father wore a simple deep-blue gown that opened at the front and felt a rush of both pleasure and shame as he began to imagine undoing the robe with his teeth.

Although the restraints had the effect of compounding his desire, they also gave him a paradoxical feeling of serenity, as he was comforted by the notion that even should his strength of will slip, it was no longer in his power to give in to his body's weaknesses. Provided his father kept his promise – and he believed that he would, as for all of Thranduil's faults, he was always true to his word – he would get through the torture of the poison. And if he did not survive, at least he would die with the knowledge that he did not violate an elf who was powerless to refuse him merely to sate a carnal desire. He would at least die with honour, which was a good death for a Mirkwood elf and, all circumstances considering, it was the best he could have hoped for.

Opening his eyes just a fraction, he noted that it was day but he was too far removed from the immediacy of consciousness to determine the time. His eyes briefly settled on his father, who had now moved to sit at his desk and was staring at his son with visible worry, before he shut them again and focused all of his remaining energy on attempting to enter a state of reverie, and, failing,

drifted somewhere between consciousness and oblivion where he was tormented by thoughts of sapphire-blue eyes and large, dextrous fingers.

Thranduil remained in the chair where he first sat several hours ago without moving a muscle as his mind continued to work through his options in increasingly-desperate directions. The sun was beginning to set and they were running out of time. Although he still hoped that, against all the odds, his son would survive the effects of the poison, he was increasingly dismissive of this notion as naive self-delusion. Legolas was beginning to fade before his very eyes and he fared worse, not better, as time passed.

A ragged moan pulled his attention back to the object of his thoughts, who appeared to be suffering a nightmare as he began a new struggle against his restraints. Legolas's translucent skin was coated in sweat, his golden hair, loose from his braids, sticking to his shoulders, his robe parted from the struggle, revealing a lithe, muscled chest and lean stomach that contracted and relaxed as he panted with exertion. His leggings stuck to his long legs with perspiration, the thin fabric doing nothing to hide the long, stiff shape of his arousal, as his elegant fingers grasped at nothing in an attempt to free himself of his binds, his flushed lips contracting around mostly silent moans.

It was a sight that would have undone a lesser elf but Thranduil held his reactions in control with an adamant mental grip. He would not allow himself to lust after his own son who was likely dying in front of his eyes, no matter the temptation before him, though he was too tired to consider the implications behind the necessity of this decision. Although he appreciated Legolas's beauty, he had never thought of him as a sexual creature before and he knew that now was the wrong time to give consideration to the occasional prurient thought that drifted past his defences and sped up his pulse as he watched Legolas writhe like an animal in heat.

It was ironic, he thought without mirth, that his son was willing to risk his own life to avoid finding his release with one of the subjects of his realm, when Thranduil knew without a shadow of a doubt that few of them would be able to restrain themselves if presented with a half-nude, bound Legolas aroused to within an inch of his life and desperate for release.

He thought back to the promise that his son extracted from him and cursed him for having the foresight, even in his delirious state, to anticipate his father's plan of action. Even as he fetched the rope from his desk, his mind was already contemplating how much more one of his skilled elves could do to tempt his son into capitulating to his desires now that he was bound to the bed, before his plan was suddenly thwarted. Still, he thought with a degree of repulsion, he only promised no elves, so a *man* could potentially... but where was Thranduil going to find a man at this hour?

He considered seeking out Elrond and begging or maybe threatening him into helping his son with something that would hardly be a chore for the Peredhel, if the way he looked at Legolas when he first succumbed to the poison was any indication, and let out a bitter laugh at the absurd image of the imperious Elvenking threatening the Lord of Rivendell into fucking his son. In any case, Elrond had made himself scarce and Thranduil could not help but wonder whether it was because he did not want to oblige his request or because he did.

"Adar," a quiet, ragged mewl snapped Thranduil out of his thoughts, "please."

In a flash, his father was on the floor next to the bed, examining him with an undisguised intensity. He was sure his son looked paler than before and it filled him with dread.

"What is it, iôn-nín?"

Legolas closed his eyes to escape his father's worried expression and, taking a deep breath, blushed crimson as he whispered, "I need to touch myself. Please... just let me go."

Thranduil had never wanted to help anyone as much as he wanted to help his son in this moment. It broke his heart that he could not but he would never forgive himself if out of some misguided sense of pity, he contributed to the death of his beloved son. One of them had to stay strong, even if his son lost his senses and forgot why he was restrained to begin with. As he stared blankly, attempting to formulate a response, Legolas spoke again, so quietly that Thranduil almost missed it, which was perhaps the intention.

"I want it to end."

Thranduil felt a shard of ice bury itself in his heart and remain there. Putting all of his energy into hiding the pain from his face, he carefully raised himself off the floor and darted out of the bedchamber.

Despite his best efforts and most fervent wishes, Legolas remained conscious after watching his father flee the room, no doubt disgusted by his son's weakness and wishing to be as far away from him as he could. It felt like a cruel prank that just as he wished to escape the world and fall into sleep, his body was overcome with a new rush of energy.

He wondered, slightly giddily, whether this meant he was getting better as he felt his arousal — previously a sick, desperate, almost decrepit thing — return in full force with the vibrancy and immediacy of the first flush of spring. No longer drifting around the rim of consciousness, he was now wide awake and his mind was once again flooded with every filthy image it could summon, each in brilliant technicolour. Every inch of his body felt illuminated and sensitised as a deep, molten fire spread through him, settling in his loins.

It was impossible to concentrate on anything as his mind supplied fantasy after fantasy, each more explicit than the last. He remembered Lord Elrond's hands as they rested at his temples and he longed to feel those beautiful, elegant hands wrapped around his cock. As quickly as this thought appeared, it disappeared, replaced by Hauriel's flushed face as Legolas imagined how it would contort in pleasure when he finally breached him roughly, the image causing his body to arch off the bed unbidden. He wondered where his father was and regretted that thought immediately as his mind constructed an elaborate fantasy of his powerful, dangerous father bending him over while he was still bound, completely helpless to resist, and entering him without any attempt to be gentle as he fucked Legolas into the mattress with strong, quick thrusts, his deep voice grunting into his son's ear. He vaguely remembered that he should feel embarrassed by this thought but he was too far gone to care.

Of course, it was at this point that his father chose to saunter into the room, making Legolas moan with need, no longer bothering to disguise his arousal. It seemed that Thranduil misunderstood the sound for an expression of pain because in just a few fast strides with his long legs, he stood at the foot of the bed, observing his son with undisguised fear.

Thranduil's expression confused his son, who was still riding an endorphin high and could not understand why his father was not happier to see his clear improvement. However, that thought was immediately chased away by an image of Thranduil pressing him down on the bed and fucking his face as his son gagged around his cock, and Legolas could not have been able to hold back the growl that erupted from his throat even if he had tried.

He waited for his father to speak, unable to look away from his lips as his mind continued to

supply him with fantasies involving Thranduil's mouth that made his body shiver involuntarily.

The walk around his gardens did little to quieten his mind but the bracing winds that roared around him helped to steel his mind for what was to come, even if he was unaffected by the frigid cold. He knew what had to be done and as distasteful as the Elvenking found it to have to resort to those measures, he saw no alternative.

He took a moment to steady his breathing and re-entered the room. He was not someone who easily gave into fear but he had been on the edge of delirious terror for almost two days straight now and it was taking a toll on him. He expected to find his son in the state that he left him: despondent, unable to continue and giving into death. He expected to use the arguments that he had rehearsed, which Legolas, in his desolate state, could not and would not combat. He thought there may be a back-and-forth and he expected that his son, resigned to a demise of some shape or form, would reluctantly agree to end his misery.

Instead, what he saw was Legolas: effervescent, aroused beyond measure and dying more quickly than he could imagine. When Elrond described this stage of intoxication, he believed it to be hyperbole. He could not imagine how the final death rattle could be so full of life, though he understood why the poison would be designed in this manner. After all, what was the point of an aphrodisiac that bent an elf to your will if, at the point of their greatest arousal, they were as lame as an old cripple? This meant his son likely only had until morning, if that. Thranduil immediately understood that he would have to work fast and that said work would have to be impeccable; there would be no second chances.

Running a dozen possible strategies in his mind in the span of just a few seconds, he instinctively grasped at the one that would yield the highest chance of success and set his mind to implementing it with a military precision. He would save his son's life, no matter the cost.

He lowered himself into a seating position at the foot of the bed, his eyes never leaving his son's, as though he were a wild animal who might bolt at any point, despite the restraints. Steeling himself, he methodically demolished most of the defences his mind had reflexively constructed when he first saw his son in this perversely enticing state, and let a wave of previously-contained, entirely-inappropriate, lust wash over him. Legolas's breathing had evened out into a more regular pattern even as he continued to pant but Thranduil noticed the tell-tale signs of restraint as he marvelled at his son's attempt at control even at this stage. He sighed to himself again. That would not do for what he had planned.

Without breaking eye contact with his skittish son, he slowly moved one hand to his unrestrained left foot. It burned under his touch as Legolas let out a breathy moan. Gently caressing the arch and sole, he gave his son a measure of relaxation before gently but purposefully sliding his hand higher up his leg to his ankle, where his hand remained and he began to rub small circles into the alabaster flesh, carefully widening the radius as he began to swipe his thumb up to his calve.

He watched as Legolas's eyes dilated a fraction more, appearing a true violet in this light. Thranduil felt a heat rise in him at the intensity of his gaze, his breath catching when Legolas let out a ragged moan when he reached higher and gently stroked the back to his calve, before sliding out to cautiously rest on his knee, where it met his thigh.

He paused when Legolas leaned slightly forward and it seemed like he was about to speak before he closed his mouth and reclined once more, this time spreading his thighs an inch or so wider as he laid back. It was an almost-imperceptible change but watching this small gesture while Legolas's eye flashed with intensity had a pronounced effect on Thranduil, who could feel his

arousal mount. Legolas's brilliant eyes were tinged with sorrow but they also held a spark of challenge that brought a warmth to Thranduil's chest.

Satisfied that he was not hurting his son, he kept his eyes locked on his son's while he brought a single long, elegant index finger, held tightly over his middle finger, and dared to slowly stroke them with a gentle firmness a few inches up the inside of Legolas's lightly-muscled left thigh as his son's breath hitched, his face contorted into a pained bliss as he let out a long, tortured moan that had Thranduil rock-hard.

Legolas arched his back, shivering, and reclined back down, his legs spread slightly wider than before. It was clear that what he was doing was affecting him and Thranduil was silently grateful that Legolas was allowing this to happen without a confrontation.

Thranduil was thus greatly taken aback when Legolas softly purred, "When I asked you to restrain me, I did not imagine that you would do so to take advantage of my innocence."

At his son's unexpected words, Thranduil felt assaulted by an immediate sense of shame even as a searing lust flooded his veins. For the first time since the feast, for a brief moment, he felt himself lose control and he almost pounced onto the glistening, writhing body that heaved under the strain of inhuman arousal, before he pulled back and tried to centre himself and his rapidly escalating emotions, as he momentarily felt the urge to run out of the chamber and take to the trees.

However, this small movement that would have been imperceptible to most, was noticed by his clever, observant son, who surprised his father once more when he hissed in a tone that was equal parts desperation, self-doubt and something more dangerous that Thranduil could not quite put his finger on, "I see. So the great Elvenking has been brought so low as to come here to service his son. What is it, *Thranduil*, a sense of duty to the realm? A sense of duty to your dead—"

Legolas was prevented from finishing his sentence by his father's firm blow across his face, a slap carefully designed to cause maximum immediate pain but no real damage. To his credit, the Prince looked genuinely shocked and, if such a thing were possible, even more aroused than before as his heartbeat grew erratic and his breathing more shallow. His father had never hit him before and whatever he was expecting, this was clearly not it. To his horror, Thranduil felt a deep satisfaction at having hit him, though it came and went within a second, and he put the thought out of his mind as he concentrated on the task before him. He reminded himself that he would not get a second chance at this.

With a low growl, he climbed up on his son's body, legs resting on his thighs as he leaned over Legolas's face and waited until he stilled before speaking.

"No, iôn-nín," he breathed, his voice equal measure silk and steel, as he looked into the violet eyes fixed on his, sensing in his periphery his son's attempts to pull at his binds. "This is not for your benefit. You have acted impertinently and recklessly throughout this ordeal: conduct wholly unbecoming a Prince of Mirkwood. You have writhed on my bed like a common whore but refused to end your torment — and mine, I might add — by simply taking advantage of the privileges afforded to you. Even I, Legolas, have limits and since you are feeling better, I will have relief, even if you deny it to yourself. Do you understand me?"

Legolas released a small, surprised mewl and watched his father's lips, before taking a deep breath, holding it as he stopped breathing altogether, and releasing it in a ragged sigh. Several seconds passed while he composed himself before he appeared to make a decision and thrust up into the warm body above him, rubbing his arousal into Thranduil's.

"Do I amuse you?" Ignoring his father's words, Legolas let a small smirk grace his flushed face

before his lips parted slightly. He watched Thranduil gracefully raise himself outside of his limited reach as he craned over his bound son and lowered his lips just next to his ear, so close that Legolas felt his hot breath on the sensitive flesh as he spoke, making him shiver.

“I will do with your body as I please until I find release. But heed my words, my son. I will not be gentle and I will not be considerate. And you will beg me to take you before we are through. Do you understand what I am telling you?”

At this, Legolas squeezed his eyes shut and laid back, parting his thighs in surrender as a fully-body shiver swept over his lean frame.

“Yes, Adar.”

Inebriation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Legolas's mind was overwhelmed by a flurry of disjointed thoughts and he struggled to concentrate on any of them. His body was on fire and every inch of it felt raw, exposed and highly sensitised, and he was desperate for release. Although his father often called him impulsive, he rarely acted without giving a considerable amount of thought to every action — thought that was currently impossible as a thick haze pervaded his mind. His ear still burned from where his father had breathed on it, making his blood pound as his heart rate sped up.

As if reading his mind, Thranduil returned to his ear and whispered, “You are *unbearably* beautiful,” before running his tongue upwards along the delicate shell and gently biting the sensitive tip.

Legolas let out a strangled moan and, overwhelmed by the intensity of his body's reaction to the gesture, involuntarily bucked into his father, briefly connecting their erections before Thranduil pulled back. Legolas had never had anyone stimulate his ear in such a manner and had no idea it would feel so electrifying. He was sure he could come from just that alone. He desperately wished to be allowed to try.

When he regained a modicum of control over his breathing, he was brought back to awareness only to see his father had moved back out of his reach yet still looming over him, poised on his hands and knees, like a predator leaning over prey. Thranduil's robe had come undone, revealing a smooth line of muscled flesh. His hair spilled out in every direction and his eyes looked almost wild. Legolas was pleased to see a slight flush over his aristocratic cheekbones and, when he looked further down, his chest heaving under his laboured breath and the clear outline of his thick, erect cock. His father was evidently as affected by his son's state as he said and a sliver of guilt rippled through Legolas at the thought of how difficult he must have made it for Thranduil to tend to him when he was too weak to stop himself from rubbing, bucking, mewling and writhing against his body at every opportunity. It must have been torture, he thought sympathetically, as his mind replayed the words he chose to demand relief from his son, shivering slightly as he felt his arousal harden further at the thought of his powerful father using him for his pleasure. His father's deep voice snapped him out of his reverie.

“You must learn control, Legolas. No doubt you will find many who enjoy the feeling of a young Elven Prince mindlessly rutting his lithe body against them but I have more refined tastes and I expect things done in a particular way.” His words could not have had a more pronounced effect on his son, who felt himself flush deeper with both lust and shame, if he had chosen them specifically to arouse him. The urge to move, to find a measure of friction, if not release, was overpowering and as Thranduil crawled above him, their bodies just inches apart but not touching, it took every last ounce of whatever will power he had left not to buck against him, regardless of the consequences. He panted heavily and stared at the strong, muscled body above him, unable to speak.

He watched as his father whispered, “Very good,” and in a slow, controlled movement lowered his lips to Legolas's as the Prince stopped breathing completely, not daring to move a muscle, as his eyes fluttered shut. He pressed their lips together with a featherlight gentleness — so unexpected from the exacting king and dangerous warrior that it unbalanced his son — and licked a tiny swirl into the plump centre of his lower lip. It was at this moment that Legolas started breathing again as he instinctively parted his lips to deepen the kiss with a desperate inhale of breath. To his

frustration, just as he opened his mouth, Thranduil pulled out of his reach, poised just above his son, and watched the struggle on his face with amusement as he slowly licked his lips.

Unconsciously flexing against his restraints, which now dug painfully into his wrists, Legolas let out a frustrated growl as his mind supplied him with detailed images of how Thranduil would look tied to a chair as his hot, skilled mouth worked Legolas's cock and he longed to plunder that beautiful, teasing mouth with every fibre of his being.

Suddenly, Thranduil pulled out a small knife so quickly that Legolas could not track the movement. His body flooded with a wave of fear and, he noted as he felt his eyes widen, lust. He did not want to think about what this meant but he was sure he was losing his mind and, by this point, lacked the strength to care. Of course, Thranduil noticed. He noticed everything.

"Interesting," he said under his breath with a chuckle, as he appeared to consider this new information. "It would be in your interests to remain still, now, iôn-nín."

Legolas shuddered but remained as still as he could, notwithstanding the occasional shiver that ran through him as he watched the glint of the knife as his father skimmed the blade over his taut body, starting at the widest point of his chest, gently enough so as not to break the skin yet firmly enough that the smallest movement from Legolas or the briefest slip of Thranduil's hand would make an incision and, judging from the sharpness of the blade, not an insubstantial one.

Legolas felt as much as saw the blade meander down to his stomach as he tried to control his panting, his father parting the robe further on its way down with impeccable control, as it grazed over his abdomen, swirled around a delicate hipbone and began its journey towards his inner thigh. He watched with rapt fascination as his father changed the direction so it danced perilously close to his arousal, before sliding down his other thigh and stop once it finished a long zig-zag across the calve, lifting off his body entirely. Legolas released a breath he did not remember holding, distantly aware that he was unbearably hard and that there was a good chance he would pass out if he did not find relief soon. He did not know what his father had intended with the knife and the tension of not knowing what to expect heightened the sensitivity of his body.

"So you *can* remain still," smiled Thranduil with fondness. "Good. Just a little longer now."

Legolas froze obediently and shut his eyes as he felt the blade make its way back up his body, starting with his ankles — this time, cutting away his leggings and what remained of his robe on his way up. He opened his eyes when he could no longer feel the sharp cold of the blade against his skin just in time to see Thranduil pocket the knife. He felt relief and, to his surprise, a measure of undefined disappointment. His body was so tightly wound, with all of his thoughts centred on where the knife touched his skin, that he only belatedly noticed that he was now completely naked, the realisation making him blush. He looked up at his father, only to shiver at the hunger that he saw in his eyes as they shamelessly roamed every inch of his naked body, giving particular attention to his painfully-erect cock that jutted up against his stomach, flushed pink and leaking small pearls of precum. Legolas watched him lick his lips and groaned at the sight.

Thranduil was beginning to seriously worry about how much more of this he could take. The escalating fear he felt at the real and immediate threat of losing his beloved son over the last two days had drained him so completely that, had Legolas's life not still been on the line, he would have long left the confines of the bedchamber to rest among the trees in deep reverie, though a treacherous part of his mind added that he would have been just as likely to pick up the blond Prince by his trim waist, throw him down hard on the mattress beneath him and rut against his supple body like a wild animal.

Thranduil was used to hiding his emotions and playing a role in front of others, frequently in situations where the wellbeing, and sometimes lives, of his subjects depended on his ability to convincingly project a version of himself — a persona — that would lead to the most favourable outcome, so he felt more than up to this particular task. Here too he had methodically reviewed what he knew of his son, his submissiveness, likely borne of centuries of enforced, regimented submission to his King, and the way he turned away the beautiful Hauriel when half-mad with arousal for no other reason than the possibility of coercion, no matter how remote, and he crafted a persona for the occasion.

Of course, like all personas, it too reflected a facet of himself. He did not need to fake the sharp arousal that he felt watching his often-defiant son submitting to his will. He was so frustrated that in turning down Thranduil's simple solution, he forced his father to watch one of the most beautiful elves in all of Middle Earth half-naked and writhing in uncontrolled lust for many long hours after making him tie him to his own bed, that he could not deny that a small part of him longed to teach him a lesson and take his own pleasure from his perfect body as recompense for putting him through this torture for the sake of some flimsy morals.

But he also knew that with one false move, Legolas might pull back as he had with Hauriel and he could not be sure that even his current state of arousal would stop him from withdrawing whatever implicit consent Thranduil felt had in this moment. He did not want to think about what he would be forced to do if that happened, though a distant part of his mind had already formulated the contingency in a sickening level of detail, so he knew it was paramount that he maintained control.

And yet, as he cut away what remained of Legolas's clothing and looked down to examine his naked son — his supple, sculpted body, flushed and panting, aroused to the point of madness, moaning shamelessly as he unconsciously thrust his painfully-engorged cock into the air in an attempt to find some relief — he felt his control slipping completely. For the first time since he set about his task, the urge to just hold him down and roughly take his chaste son as he lay helpless before him was so overwhelming that as it warred with a diametrically opposed, but equally unhelpful, instinct to drop the pretence and plead with his son to let him save his life, he had to take deep breaths to bring himself under control.

Instead, he tried to focus on making Legolas lose control and give into him completely, absolutely and unequivocally. He did not know if the poison required consent — he strongly, grimly, suspected not — but he would have it, nonetheless. He would make him beg before he took that step.

He moved back until he once again sat at the foot of the bed and when his son's eyes met his, he began to slowly remove his own robe, revealing the smooth expanse of his muscled body as his fingers moved downwards. Legolas, he noted with a heady thrill, hungrily followed each movement of his hands, seemingly mesmerised by every new inch of skin that his movements revealed. It must have now been obvious to his son that he wore nothing underneath but his beautiful mouth still gasped silently when he removed the robe completely, revealing the rest of his toned body and his large, thick cock, flushed and straining with barely controlled arousal, the head glistening with precum. Legolas's breath hitched audibly, followed by a sound that was a cross between a moan and a growl and futilely pulled on his restraints once more, to no avail. His sexual frustration was obvious and Thranduil yearned to take advantage of it.

From his seated position, he gently leaned back on the bed frame behind him and parted his strong legs. With his gaze still fixed on his son, he wrapped his hand firmly around his own cock and, with a soft moan, gripped the head with a twist to collect the precum in his hand, before spreading it up and down his rock-hard length. He smirked when he saw Legolas's eyes drop down to his cock, and let out another, deeper, moan as he began to touch himself in lazy motions, shivering as

Legolas stared with undisguised desire, his plump mouth contorting around silent moans as he unconsciously licked his lips.

Thranduil stroked his cock more roughly, as he involuntarily arched his back, throwing his head back for moment, before snapping his eyes back to Legolas's impossibly dilated violet eyes, and demanded through gritted teeth, "Are you ready to beg yet?"

For the sake of his own sanity, he desperately hoped that he was, though Thranduil was unsurprised, if frustrated beyond belief, when Legolas answered, through laboured breathing, "I will not beg for my own defilement, whatever you do." The boy loved to defy him. He could not fathom why he would deny himself the release that his body craved but if this was part of the game they were playing, and Thranduil's instincts told him that it was, then he would teach him why testing the limits of the Elvenking's patience was a dangerous enterprise.

Continuing to stroke himself firmly, he said in the coldest tone he could muster, "Perhaps as a father, I have failed to give you the attention that you need, which I will remedy now. You will remain still, my son. If you move a muscle, I will bind your ankles too and, if I am particularly displeased, leave you alone in your binds while I attend to the business of the realm."

Legolas visibly blanched at this threat, even as his cock twitched, so Thranduil was confident he would follow his instructions. As he advanced towards his son, he saw him attempt to relax his body and stay still, though his breathing remained strained and he clearly struggled not to move.

"Spread your legs," Thranduil commanded.

Clearly stifling a groan, Legolas obeyed instantly, tensely watching Thranduil come to rest between his legs with a predatory glint in his eyes that made Legolas shiver.

"Don't move a muscle." With some effort, he stifled the small tremors that threatened to ripple through his own hands, before reaching out and gently stroking the insides of Legolas's spread thighs. He could feel the lean muscles beneath his hands strain with the effort of keeping still and he felt himself grow harder at the thought. Kneading them until his son's body trembled, and progressively vocal growls and moans escaped his throat, he rapidly removed his hands and brought them to rest on his own knees. Legolas sighed at the loss but, Thranduil noted with a thrill, remained as still as was possible under the circumstances. His cock twitched intermittently and Thranduil distantly wondered whether he could come without any direct stimulation at all.

Smiling at his earnest attempts at control, he purred, "Oh, well done, my son. I know that could not have been easy, especially for one as inexperienced as you. Perhaps I have been a little hasty in denying you pleasure and I would be happy to remedy this, if you remain still."

Legolas said nothing but watched him raptly with wide, violet eyes, his staccato heartbeat so fast that it was audible to his father. He watched with undisguised lust as his father leaned forward and, realising what he was about to do, tried and mostly failed to contain a moan.

Thranduil descended until his lips were just a couple of inches above Legolas's throbbing erection and, with a smirk, leaned down until his warm breath touched the tip on every exhale. He felt Legolas begin to pant harder as a soft mewl left his mouth. Looking up at his beautiful face, he maintained eye contact as he leaned in just an inch and, ever so slowly, pressed the hot tip of his tongue against the base of the head with the lightest pressure he could muster before licking up and swirling his tongue around the head in a featherlight touch, savouring the salty taste of his precum. Just as he did so, he felt Legolas's tenuous control slip entirely as he arched off the bed with a scream, bucking violently as he pulled on his restraints, and tried to thrust into Thranduil's mouth. His father, however, had been too quick and pulled off the delicious flesh before it could make its

way past his lips, making Legolas's eyes pool with tears of frustration.

Examining his son's reaction, his rapid heartbeat and the way his cock flushed deeper and twitched, he was surprised to note how close Legolas had been to coming from just such a small gesture. This thought aroused him so much that he was dangerously tempted to take Legolas's cock in his mouth again and let him fuck his mouth until he came but he had not come this far to lose control now.

Attempting and mostly managing an even tone, he asked again, "Are you ready to beg?"

Legolas avoided meeting his eyes until his tears subsided and he gave his father a steely look of determination, which baffled Thranduil. At last, just as his father began to have hope that this might finally be over soon, Legolas looked up to the ceiling and, in little more than a whisper, said, "I will never beg."

And it was at this point that Thranduil had finally lost his temper. With a dangerous smile, he rose from the bed and went to stand on the floor next to his son's face but out of his bound reach. Once he was sure he was watching, he looked straight at him as he stuck two fingers in his own mouth and sucked them, no longer attempting to disguise his desire. As he expected, Legolas's eyes glazed over as he began to groan and pull once more on his restraints. Once his hand was sufficiently wet, he once again started stroking himself, harder this time, and allowed himself to moan without restraint. He met Legolas's eyes more and almost pitied the strain that they held. As Legolas continued to watch his increasingly rough strokes, he saw his son lick his lips repeatedly as he opened and closed his mouth and leaned forward. That was all Thranduil needed to see. Walking behind the head of the bed, he swiftly loosened the rope and retied it so Legolas's wrists were tied behind his back while the single rope connecting him to the bed allowed for a much greater range of movement but ultimately still restrained him to the bed as his son skittishly strained his neck to try to see what he was doing.

Leaning over as he finished securing the rope to the bed frame, he could not resist whispering in his ear, "Don't make me regret this," at which Legolas shivered and nodded clumsily a few times.

Coming back to stand beside the bed, he watched as his clever son immediately understood what was expected of him and the purpose of the extended range of motion. Crawling over the bed, somewhat awkwardly with his hands bound behind his back, he sunk to the floor and kneeled at Thranduil's feet.

The Elvenking could not stop a groan escaping his mouth as he looked down and saw Legolas watching him through hooded eyes, just as dilated as before, while his eyes darted between Thranduil's eyes and his arousal, just inches from his mouth, as he subconsciously licked his lips.

Thranduil threaded his hand through his son's sticky golden hair and gripped it lightly by the roots before commanding, "Suck."

A visible shudder ran through Legolas's body as he leaned forward and, with no hesitation, wrapped his flushed, wet lips around the head of Thranduil's cock, looking up as if searching for approval as he met his father's eyes. Thranduil took a steadying breath and began to gently pump in and out of his deliciously hot mouth, resisting to urge to hold him still by the roots of his pretty hair and roughly fuck his mouth until he came. That thought alone had him so close that he had to pull away lest he finished too soon. Legolas looked up at him, his eyes slightly glassy and out of focus, his lips plump and slightly swollen.

It was enough for Thranduil to leap up to make adjustments to the restraints again with a growl, this time removing the rope entirely, leaving his hands unbound. He wanted, needed, this so badly

but he could not take Legolas in restraints. At least not the first time, his mind added darkly before he was able to crush that treacherous thought.

He once again raised himself above his son on the bed as he steadied his breathing and tilted his head to consider the gloriously defiant, beautiful Prince beneath him. I will make him beg, he promised himself selfishly.

“Turn around. On all fours.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for all of your lovely comments! I feel even more nervous posting the final chapters because, you know, *points to all the smut* so your comments are extremely appreciated.

Please tell me what you liked and didn't like about the story. I haven't quite finalised the ending and your feedback would help me enormously.

Oblivion

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The burn from where the ropes had cut into his flesh had only contributed to his arousal as he was reminded of his helplessness every time he moved, even with the bonds gone. He shivered at his father's order, leaving no room for objections or concerns, as he turned and sat up on all fours, waiting for his father to take action. He did not need to be told to remain still. He did not think he would dare to move if he could, though he was now so desperate for release he would do almost anything if it meant Thranduil continuing what he started.

But he would not beg. The whole room felt thick with lust and he found it difficult to think through the haze but this resolute determination cut through all of that like a sharp knife, even if he could not quite put his finger on why. Perhaps it was because Thranduil himself taught him that he must never, ever reduce himself to begging for anything in life. He instilled this lesson in him from a very young age, when he was just a young elfling, and like most lessons from his father, he carried it with him still and although he had a vague recollection of pleading with his father earlier, that felt conceptually different, somehow. But he vaguely thought there was another, more important reason. A part of him was aware, very distantly and without allowing it to solidify into a concrete understanding, that what was happening and what was about to happen was significant in a way that altered things irrevocably.

Unlike most thoughts that currently flitted around his delirium-addled mind, which were difficult to form and required too much concentration to actualise, this one felt different in that it came to him unbidden and remained on the horizon of his consciousness, and a not-insignificant amount of energy was being devoted to keeping it just outside of the peripheral vision of his mind's eye. Still, even as he kept it at bay, he understood that it indicated that there was something exceptional about what was happening and while he was happy — *very* happy — for his father to make these decisions and entrust to him the responsibility of determining their fate, he thought he might break irreparably if the blame for what they were doing rested with him. So he was determined to use the remains of his rapidly diminishing will power to ensure he would not ask his father for anything, and although he was happy to goad his father into action, if this is what he needed, he would not beg.

He tried to remain still because he understood that was what was expected of him. He was good at following orders, even implied ones. However, that did not stop his sensitive ears from listening out for Thranduil's movement and out of the corner of his eye he could just about see that his father had stood up to retrieve something from the small table by his bed. It looked like a small jar of oil that the wood elves used to ease sore muscles and he felt his breath hitch once more.

He felt Thranduil settling on the bed behind him, the mattress dipping where he sat. He put one large, hot hand on his hip while he used the fingers of the other to trace a line down his spine and Legolas, trembling, tried to concentrate on his breathing to stop himself from leaning into the touch. He was thwarted immediately when he felt his father place an open-mouthed kiss on his firm cheek, before worrying the skin with his teeth, and he briefly stopped breathing altogether as he arched his back into the touch. He felt as much as heard Thranduil's amused chuckle.

"Stay still while I prepare you." There was a note of hesitation in his voice, like he was going to say something else but thought better of it. Legolas nodded mutely, his breath coming in quick pants. Although he had never before lain with another, he understood the basic mechanics and

trembled in jittery anticipation.

What he did not expect, however, was to feel a hot, wet tongue briefly circle then slightly breach him, which unbalanced him so completely, he was sure he momentarily blacked out. The sensation of the scorching-hot, pulsing muscle probing gently inside him was so different to anything he had ever experienced or even imagined that all he could do was groan deeply as it teased his entrance.

Suddenly, the tongue was gone and Legolas felt a single oiled finger circling his hole before pushing in ever so slightly. The sensation was foreign and overwhelming. He had never dared to penetrate himself, though at this moment, he could not remember why, and let out a ragged groan as the long finger gently eased its way inside, as Thranduil's other hand rubbed his hip soothingly. He could feel his muscles clenching at the intrusion then relaxing and soon another finger was added.

It was an odd feeling. It felt invasive but not unpleasant and it did not quite hurt but it did burn. He thought that he would never get used to it as he felt Thranduil's elegant fingers scissor himself open. His father's fingers, he thought with a shudder, before he could repress that thorny thought. As the fingers continued to explore within and slowly stretch him, he felt one of them reach out and graze something and suddenly, his vision went black as he was hit by a wave of paralysing pleasure. He moaned almost audaciously loudly, and tried to clumsily grind himself on Thranduil's fingers to recreate the feeling, just as his father pulled them back with a sigh.

"I told you to stay still," Thranduil said, slightly breathlessly. Legolas felt tears form in his eyes and let out a ragged groan as he felt his cock twitch. He had never been this sexually frustrated in his life and he did not know how much more of this he could take. Just as he thought this, Thranduil's long fingers brushed over the same spot again, making Legolas see stars as he mewled and tried his best not to fuck himself on his fingers. He was startled by how much he was turned on by his father's unmistakable experience in this domain but decided that he would reflect on this later. Thranduil added a third finger and continued to stretch him while deliberately, it seemed, avoiding touching that spot. At the same time, he covered his son's body with his own and licked the outer shell of Legolas's ear, making him whimper.

"Beg," he whispered, his lips almost touching his ear as he spoke.

Legolas let out several ragged breaths, lowered his head and shook it minutely; a movement so small he might have thought his father had missed it were it not for his reaction. He found himself struggling to breathe when he heard Thranduil groan in undisguised frustration at the same time as he felt his thick, hard cock rub over his trembling thigh, trailing precum, while he continued to pump his fingers inside him, before Thranduil returned to his position behind him, his fingers never ceasing their infuriatingly gentle movements.

Legolas fervently wished that his father would just fuck him already. His body was thrumming with frustration and excruciatingly over-stimulated, his arousal long past the point of pain. He thought he might very well pass out if he did not find release soon, which would at least end his exquisite agony. He did not think he had the strength to hold out any longer and he felt embarrassingly close to bursting into tears and desperately bucking into the hand currently wringing moans and whimpers from him to try to find some relief. If Thranduil did not take him soon, he hoped that at least unconsciousness would. He would find deliverance one way or the other.

Thranduil was rapidly becoming unhinged, his frustration making him feral. They were so close, so very close to the completion of this unholy ordeal and it infuriated him that his son's salvation was

almost within his grasp yet still eluded him. And if someone had interrogated him on his motivations, he would swear on everything that was sacred to him — which was, admittedly, not much — that that is why he did what he did next. However, he was not so self-deluded that he could not admit to himself that he was also overwhelmed by the need to plunge himself into the beautiful, writhing body under him and fuck Legolas into the mattress until he spent every drop of himself inside him. But he would not force himself on his son and he knew that the only way he would be able to live with what he had done is if he knew this is what Legolas wanted. He needed something tangible that he could hold onto in the aftermath. He knew there was something selfish about it but he could not dwell on that now.

He continued to stretch Legolas with his right hand while with his left he leaned down and grasped his son's cock at the base and clamped down. Legolas keened and, in confusion, tried to messily buck into his hand but he was not strong enough, his movements lacking their usual coordination. Once he was satisfied with the immovable grip of his hand, Thranduil curled the long fingers of his other to deftly graze his prostate, the perverse pleasure he derived from skilfully manipulating it to elicit an intensity of sensation that he was sure would break Legolas making him even harder.

The effect was immediate and breathtaking. A fully body shudder ripped through Legolas as he groaned and tried to fuck himself on the fingers inside him before Thranduil swiftly pulled them back just far enough not deny him satisfaction. Legolas whimpered as every muscle in his body seemed to tense at once. He teased him with a momentary abatement and stilled for a brief moment before his fingers resumed their torturous ministrations before pausing and resuming once more. The warm, taut body under him convulsed as Legolas mindlessly bucked between his hands, head thrown back, moaning like an animal in heat.

From the way he seized around his fingers, he knew Legolas was a hair's breadth from climax and that Thranduil's hand was the only thing stopping him from coming. The thought made Thranduil groan involuntarily as his cock twitched against his son's trembling thigh. He allowed himself to briefly rub against him before pulling back and breathing deeply until he regained sufficient control to restrain himself from wildly rutting against the body beneath him.

Thranduil resumed his ministrations until a sob tore through Legolas's body and his son began to weep, his body still rocking against Thranduil's hands. As Thranduil moved his fingers away from that sweet spot while continuing to stretch him, he felt his son's body break under the strain and go limp as he hung his head and murmured. Even with the enhanced hearing of an elf, Thranduil could not make out what he said, though, with a thrill, he suspected he knew what it would be.

Leaning over again, he bit his earlobe gently, making Legolas drop his head to his shoulder with a small gasp, exposing the long line of his pristine neck to his father's dangerous mouth. Thranduil swept his lips over his jaw and then down his neck, his scorching tongue tracing ribbons of need and want into his alabaster skin along the way, as Legolas softly mewled through broken sobs. Once his lips reached the base of his neck, Thranduil pressed a wet open-mouth kiss to the most sensitive part where it met the shoulder then bit down hard enough to draw blood and worried the tender skin with his tongue until he heard Legolas whisper again, his voice strained as he bit back a whimper, his eyes closed in defeat.

"Please."

He sounded broken. That might have been enough but Thranduil felt greedy and, now confident that he would succeed in getting what he wanted, he once again stretched down and curled his fingers until they were repeatedly brushing that sweet spot with almost painfully gentle yet surgically-precise pressure. The exhilarating satisfaction he felt at the loud, pained moans that his tiny movements drew out of his son was almost sadistic.

“Please, *what?*” Thranduil purred, heady with lust at his son’s hard-won submission. “What would you have me do?”

Legolas continued to moan involuntarily at his father’s continuing ministrations and it seemed like he was struggling to find the breath to reply before he, finally, softly cried out in response.

“Fuck me. *Please.*”

That was what Thranduil wanted to hear. Sighing in relief, he gently removed both of his hands, making Legolas whine at the loss. He rubbed his hip reassuringly while he used his other hand to generously coat his own cock with the oil, unable to contain a groan at the disturbing yet inexplicably thrilling thought that he did so in preparation for ravishing his chaste son.

He pressed the tip against Legolas’s slick entrance, which clenched slightly at the unfamiliar sensation. Taking a deep breath to steady himself, he began to slowly push in while he continued to rub small circles into his son’s hip. Legolas groaned as he breached him, his muscles briefly clamping down on him as he got used to the sensation. The feeling of being sheathed in something so tight and so hot was indescribable and Thranduil had to bite the inside of his cheek to hold back. He could not remember ever feeling such intense pleasure and it took every ounce of his dwindling will power to stop himself letting go and just fucking him into the mattress, his whole body trembling from the effort. For a brief moment, when Legolas clenched around him, he growled as he felt himself lose control and it was only by drawing on every last reserve of his almost-depleted supernatural restraint that he stopped himself from ruthlessly seeking release and likely hurting his son.

Taking several deep breaths, once he felt Legolas relax around him, he continued to drive himself deeper in small, incremental thrusts. The trembling in his body from the effort required to keep as still as possible when all of his instincts urged him to thrust into that sublime body until he was spent had only intensified, and was echoed by the shivers he felt radiating from his previously-chaste son's body. He knew that this was his first time so there was bound to be some pain and although he felt a flash of guilt at this thought, he knew that this would soon be followed by pleasure and, more importantly, it would save his life. And that felt like sufficient justification for continuing to plunge, albeit gently and with impossible restraint, into his pliant body at a point when he did not think he would be able to stop even if he wanted to.

Once he was sheathed in Legolas to the hilt, he paused to give the boy time to get used to him. His cock was long, like his son’s, but it was thicker and he was distantly concerned that he would struggle to adjust to the intrusion. He felt him clench and relax around his length, as Legolas quietly whimpered, his body still trembling. Thranduil thought he would lose his mind if he did not move soon as he took deep breaths and tried to think about anything other than brutally fucking his son and seeking a quick release.

After what felt like an eternity but was likely no more than a minute, he felt Legolas begin to relax around him. He still felt amazingly tight but he no longer clasped him in a suffocating grip. He was not prepared, however, for Legolas to arch his back in a way that threatened his sanity and, with a low moan, begin to gently rock back on his cock, making Thranduil dangerous. He was too far gone to ask his son if he was ready and instead leaned down to lick a stripe up his son’s spine, making him shiver and moan, clutched his hips in an iron-like grip and, with a grunt, began to thrust into the boy with a gentle yet firm rhythm.

He did not think he had ever experienced something so painfully erotic as watching himself thrust in and out of Legolas’s lithe, almost otherworldly body as the boy keened, moaned and bucked around him, his long white-gold hair dancing wildly around him and sticking to his perfectly-

sculpted back and elegant shoulders. He was so tight that Thranduil was rapidly approaching climax already and he did not know how long he would last but he vowed to make Legolas come first. He sped up his movements until he was fucking him with long, powerful thrusts. Legolas was moaning in a way that made him perilously harder with every exclamation — long, uncontrolled, almost wild — as he forcefully met each of his thrusts. Thranduil was drowning in sensation and he struggled to focus on anything other than plunging into the tight body in his hands, making him feral.

Digging his nails into the supple flesh of Legolas's hips, which only made him moan louder, he angled his hips experimentally until he heard his son cry out and clench around him, and he knew he found the spot. Trying to hold back from crashing over the edge, he deliberately slowed down while continuing to hit his prostate in long, controlled movements. From the sounds Legolas was making, he knew he would not last long but the slow, meticulously-careful pressure was not quite enough to tip him over the edge. Thranduil felt the last drops of his sanity desert him.

Digging into his hips with a bruising grip that would probably draw blood, Thranduil whispered, as he continued to slowly fuck him, "You are stunning like this, my son. So beautiful. So tight. It is taking all the strength that I possess not to lose control and fuck your *exquisite* body roughly until I come deep inside you." Legolas released a long, tortured moan as Thranduil felt him clench around him.

"Oh Legolas, if I had known before... I wasted so much time. How much less dull those state dinners would have been if I had the full benefit of your resplendent body. I would take great pleasure from making you painfully hard under the table using just my feet and some filthy whispered words then, when you cannot endure it anymore, pull you into an adjoining room with some flimsy excuse and take you roughly against the wall, my hand on your cock milking every drop from you as you come. Would you have liked that?"

Legolas was now panting around breathless moans, drenched in sweat, and desperately bucking against Thranduil's cock, but said nothing. At that, Thranduil switched to short, firm thrusts that brought himself closer to the edge but avoided Legolas's prostate, who cried at the loss and tried to fuck himself deeper on his cock but was prevented by Thranduil's bruising grip.

"I *asked*, would you like that?" Another long moan, full of desperate need and frustration.

"Yes," he said quietly, with a hint of shame in his voice. Thranduil was pleased with the answer but he wanted to torture him a little longer, even as he had no idea where this urge came from.

"Every time I will look at you, I will remember how you kneeled at my feet and how beautiful you looked with your delicious lips around my cock as I fucked your lovely, hot mouth. Perhaps when I cannot take that image anymore, I will summon you to this room – or perhaps the throne room, if I am particularly busy – and order you to kneel, then fuck that pretty mouth of yours until I come deeply down your throat. Would you like that?"

Legolas's moans took on a more desperate tone and grew louder as he writhed wildly to try to get more pressure. When he realised Thranduil would not yield, he seemed to struggle with speaking and instead nodded vigorously with a deep groan.

"You can be very wilful but you respond well to orders. I will find many uses for this quality." Although he intended to tease Legolas, conjuring this selection of indecent images nearly drove him over the edge and he felt his control slip. With a growl, he strengthened his grip around his hips for greater leverage and drove into Legolas with deep, hard thrusts that hit the spot every time. He was so far gone he did not think there was anything that could have stopped him now from chasing his release.

Legolas's moans grew louder and more ragged as he met his every thrust. After just a few thrusts, however, Thranduil felt Legolas tense and, as he continued to ruthlessly plunge himself into his body, he felt him come with a deep groan that seemed to last an eternity, clenching almost-painfully around him, crying out savagely as Thranduil continued to milk every drop out of him that he could. The feel of him clenching around him and the exquisite sounds he was making were so overwhelming that it was a miracle that Thranduil managed to stop his body from following him into climax.

Every hint of tension left his son's body and Thranduil was sure he would have slumped down had it not been for his earlier command. Gripping the pliant, over-sensitised body once more, he mercilessly drove into him like a feral animal, too far gone to care about whether it would leave him sore, his son's soft whimpers only arousing him more, and chased his release with rough, brutal thrusts until he felt that familiar tension engulf his lower body and with a loud, guttural, *filthy* moan, emptied himself deep into Legolas until he had spent every drop.

He stayed still just long enough to catch his breath, then pulled out of him as carefully as he could, as Legolas collapsed. Leaning over carefully, he could see that his eyes were already closed and he appeared to be in a deep slumber. Breathing a sigh of relief, he leaned down and impulsively placed a gentle kiss on his smooth shoulder, so different to his earlier brutality, before he dragged himself to the other side of the bed, settling on his back. His last thought before finally sleep claimed him was the realisation that they had never properly kissed, and he wondered if that was for the best, even as the taste of his sweet milky skin, mixed with his blood, still lingered on his lips.

Chapter End Notes

And now all the tags make sense. That may be the end of Legolas's ordeal (or maybe it isn't - stay tuned!) but it is not the end of the story.

Please, please, please let me know what you thought and what you liked and didn't like. I am just finishing the next chapter and I think I will maybe write one other, so your input would be extremely helpful.

There is lots of angst to come but I won't spoil anything else.

Recovery

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Thranduil woke with the first light of the morning feeling better rested than he had felt for days, if a bit agitated, only to find his arm tightly draped around his still-sleeping — *naked*, his mind quickly supplied — son who had edged over to him in his sleep, remaining mostly on his stomach, his warm lips pressed messily into Thranduil's shoulder, the pair still covered in their mess from last night. He felt a pleasant heat radiate from where their bodies joined and seep into his veins until realisation dawned and he was hit by a wave of repulsion tinged with a crushing desire. He carefully extricated himself from his son's sleeping form and fetched a wet cloth before tidying them both, as gently as he could so as not to wake Legolas, but quickly enough that he could not be accused of lingering over his son's nude body, even in the absence of anyone who could level such an accusation in this otherwise-empty room. Had the deliciously post-coital body before him belonged to anyone other than his son, he knew his hand would already be trailing up the satin-like muscle of his thigh to rouse him but his disgust with himself was almost sufficient to dispel any such ideas from his disobedient mind.

He walked to his cabinet and put on his armour: the most opulent robes he could find, in a plush, embroidered silk the colour of the twilight sky, with a stiff, high collar, and after directing his hair into a more respectable state, he left his chambers in search of Elrond. He found him easily enough in the small private library a couple of doors down from his rooms, sitting at a plain desk with a book, glancing up as soon as Thranduil entered, as if expecting him.

At Elrond's softly questioning gaze, Thranduil gave a small nod and felt reflexive gratitude when Elrond seemed to extract all the information he needed from this small gesture without the need for questions that Thranduil did not want to answer. Still, a thread of bitterness weaved through him and he could not help blaming Elrond, albeit silently, for not sparing Thranduil his fate. Even as he thought this, his mind replayed the events of the night before in excruciating detail and as he vividly remembered plunging into Legolas's hot, tight, pliant flesh, he was hit by a fresh wave of disgust, even as his body betrayed him and started to react to the memory. By now, his mask of cold indifference was repaired and reinforced, soothing his mind like a comforting blanket, and his face reflected none of his internal turmoil. Since the feast, the mask had felt porous, allowing his deepest fears and unwanted desires to pour through like mud through a sieve, and it brought Thranduil a not-insignificant degree of comfort to be able to close the dam once more to the outside world.

They silently sat down for breakfast before returning to Thranduil's chambers, finding Legolas awake on their return. His son looked painfully young smothered in the heaps of blankets on the large, imposing bed, his hair strewn in all directions, exhaustion blanketing his face, his expression almost shy as he peeked out from beneath a feather duvet. Despite the sickly pallor of his visage, Thranduil could not help but note the ethereal beauty that his son radiated even in this state and he resented the tainted gratitude he felt when he saw that Legolas had the sense to cover his nudity with blankets in his absence.

Thranduil stood at the foot of the bed, his face revealing nothing, as Elrond examined the Prince, relief flooding his mind as Elrond pronounced his patient recovering, if still marked by weakness and fatigue. Blessedly, his only reaction to Elrond touching his face or meeting his eyes was one of acute embarrassment. Thranduil had feared that the effects of the poison had subsisted and not even his joy at the prospect of physically assaulting Elrond for a repeat of his apparently-

instinctive reaction to his son's previous displays of desire would have comforted Thranduil had that turned out to be the case. Elrond's eyes traced the vivid bruise on Legolas's neck from where Thranduil bit him hard in a moment of delirium but he mercifully said nothing, even as Thranduil stared at it for an inappropriately-long period of time, stunned by the incongruousness of the scarlet bloom on his alabaster skin.

For almost three days, Legolas had recuperated in his father's chambers while Thranduil pointedly and notably slept in another room housed in the same wing of the palace. They did not speak. Legolas mostly slept during this time, his body still recovering from the trauma of the poison, while Thranduil avoided being alone with him for reasons of his own while conscientiously monitoring his recovery from afar.

He distracted himself from some of his more unpleasant thoughts by focusing his energy on punishing the one responsible, and intensified the search for the one who poisoned his son. After a thorough search, the culprit was ultimately identified as Liren — a long standing servant of the household — who was immediately placed in one of the cells in the dungeon, to be examined by none other than Thranduil himself. Following a briefer interrogation than the Elvenking would have liked, he confessed that he obtained the poison from a clearly unscrupulous market trader in Lake Town, and believing it to be merely an aphrodisiac, attempted to drug one of the Imladris elves sitting on Legolas's table whom he had met on a previous visit and had apparently taken a liking to, before their goblets were switched by mistake.

Although he showed no reaction to his words, Thranduil had the unusual displeasure of feeling shocked when he learned that his life has been permanently upended by a mere error. His mind traced over recent, indelibly fresh memories and swiftly catalogued everything that Legolas suffered because in his inexperienced naivety he was oblivious to the possibility of danger within his home and picked up the wrong *fucking* goblet at a feast.

He dismissed this thought as quickly as it materialised. It did not help Thranduil's rage, shame or guilt to blame a sheer accident of fate. Legolas did not endure what he did because of a mistake borne of carelessness. Thranduil spent millennia safeguarding Legolas's wellbeing and his son, the Prince of the realm, was entitled to feel safe in his own home, without concern for the corrupt intentions of others. Although he cared far less about this aborted outcome — when he did not actively wish that fate had chosen this path instead, that is — Thranduil also knew that the Imladris elf whom Liren had desired was similarly entitled to feel safe while he remained in Mirkwood, particularly as he did so under the protection of the King. No, the cause of the specific brand of torture inflicted upon his son was a servant who wished to violate one of Thranduil's guests and it was he who placed his son in mortal danger and it was because of his actions that his innocent son was defiled in such a grotesque manner that it still coloured the boy with shame whenever he met his father's eyes.

Thranduil could not help reflecting on the fact that had he presented Liren to Legolas at the height of his ordeal, his kind, foolish son would have almost certainly refused him because of the mere possibility of compulsion, even if Liren had begged him for it, even when the alternative was prolonged suffering followed by his death, while Liren, without any regard for another, had exposed his son to such a cruel fate because he took a liking to some elf and selfishly wanted to compel him to submit if his own charms failed.

It appeared that in the days since the feast, Liren had learned that the poison had almost killed the Prince, though Thranduil was grateful that the gossip of his servants did not seem to have extended to how his life was saved, for Legolas's sake, if not his own. He cared not for the thoughts of others but he knew that his son did and he was exceedingly glad that he would at least be spared the indignity of the whole palace knowing about his debasement.

Thranduil decided to exercise a rarely-used muscle and tried to see things through his son's eyes. Legolas's compassion and determination to take the honourable path broke something in him as he thought back to his son's kind soul and his selfless heart even in the face of such corruption and he was sure that Legolas would forgive Liren if he were tasked with making this decision. Thranduil could not deny that Liren seemed genuine in his concern for his Prince as he asked after his wellbeing with undisguised shame and Thranduil did not think anyone would have faulted him for showing mercy to a repentant servant, wracked with guilt, who had served his family for centuries and made a single error of judgement, who was now pleading unreservedly for forgiveness in a manner Thranduil could only characterise as pathetic.

But Thranduil was not Legolas and he would show no mercy. He summoned the cursed goblet with the remains of the caethalhoer from where he kept it in his study and motioned for the keys to the cell, before dismissing the guards. He unlocked the door and stepped inside. Looming over Liren, who remained seated, cowering in undisguised fear, Thranduil passed him the goblet.

With the full authority of his position, he commanded, "Drink."

Liren blanched as understanding dawned and he glanced up as if to try to plead with Thranduil but any half-formed words that he was contemplating died on his lips under the Elvenking's cold, ruthless stare that pinned him pitilessly to his seat. Taking the goblet with shaking fingers, resigned, he took a single gulp of the liquid, then another and another as Thranduil's gaze remained fixed upon him. The empty glass fell from his hand with a clink.

Satisfied, Thranduil walked out of the cell and locked the door, remaining several feet away to observe his subject with a detachment that required neither pretence nor artifice. The poison's effect was immediate, he realised with a degree of relish, as Liren's fair skin flushed and his heartbeat sped up. He practically felt his frustration and shame as he attempted to rein in his reactions in front of his King but he was not Legolas and did not have his extraordinary control. Liren was moaning and panting within minutes. It took less than an hour for the pleading to begin, though Thranduil was certain he would have given in earlier had he been in the company of anyone other than the Elvenking. Liren begged him to let him out of the cell, to permit him to seek a mate to relieve the unendurable want that thrummed through his body. As his desire mounted, he seemed to break completely as he begged for the King himself to take him.

Thranduil watched impassively as Liren reached the door of the cell and began to beg for relief as he rutted against the bars, offering to please his King in any way that he wished if he could only grant him this mercy. His descriptions of how Thranduil could use his body got more explicit and his tone more desperate. His responses pleased Thranduil greatly though he felt none of the sympathy, compassion or even desire that he felt watching Legolas in the grips of the same poison. Liren had none of his son's bravery and he had none of his beauty.

Thranduil approached the cell with a dangerous smile and elegantly brushed a long finger over the servant's cheek, descending to his pronounced collarbone and lean stomach as Liren mewled and leaned into the touch, before gently tracing the length of his arousal. Liren groaned and tried to thrust into Thranduil's hand, who allowed it for a brief moment before retreating entirely, as Liren began to whine.

As he left the dungeon, Thranduil could still hear Liren's broken pleas and his unrestrained, ragged moans as he desperately begged for his King to ravish him, but felt nothing.

His body was found the next morning.

At first, Legolas had trouble remaining awake for more than a couple of hours at a time before falling back into a deep, dreamless sleep. After a time, the periods of uninvited consciousness lengthened while the restorative sleep he enjoyed earlier began to be interrupted by random moments of fever-like alertness and dreams, as if his previously-drained body had decided that he had slept long enough and was now doing everything possible to pull him back into the land of the living.

The dreams became more vivid. On the second night, he dreamed of a happy childhood memory, which he could not remember giving thought to since he was an elfling, of a game that he used to play with his father, before he was rapidly transported back to his drugged state and adult body and although he was bound as before, this time he was alone and no one came to his rescue. In his dream, he remembered that this was not what happened as he was sure that there was someone with him who saved him, he thought perhaps by freeing him from his restraints, but his dream self could not remember who or why this was significant. Then just as suddenly, he was no longer bound but lounging next to his father in bed as Thranduil smiled a rare smile that held neither sarcasm nor cruelty and pulled him towards him until Legolas was draped over his firm body, as his father placed kisses on the top of his head, then his cheek, before moving his mouth towards his ear.

It was at this point that Legolas woke up with a visceral start and, with relief, noted that he was alone and that it was night. He was surprised to find himself hard, though remembering the content of his dream brought a vile taste to his mouth, bitter and sharp with stalks. It made him gulp. He resisted all of his mind's attempts to understand what had happened while he was mercifully unconscious but his body clearly had little patience for his emotional needs and, as it appeared to recover, he could keep the thoughts at bay no longer.

He could not deny that he had always been captivated by his father but he never thought of him before with anything other than the love of a son and a loyal subject of the realm. That changed when, that night, fate had thrust upon him the keys to a secret room that held a perilous facsimile of a catalogue of sensual impressions of his father: how he looked and smelled, how he sounded, his touch and his taste, all in glorious technicolour, visceral and alive. The more he tried to resist thinking about its contents, the stronger the urge became and the memories grew more vivid; as if sensing his resistance, they conspired to avoid erasure and instead clung onto life by making themselves indestructible, unavoidable and irresistible. The more he attempted to lock the door, the wider it opened until it hung by its hinges.

Legolas wondered distantly whether the assault of memories that now inundated him was triggered by his continuing presence in the room where these impressions were formed, which also happened to be, rather inconveniently, his father's bedchamber and was appropriately permeated with his essence. He desperately hoped that once he moved back to his own rooms, he would be free from the weight of these memories and wished to do so as soon as possible, but he also doubted that anything other than the passage of time and perhaps distance, if that, would stop these thoughts from intruding upon his consciousness.

As he lay in bed, its massive frame making him feel small, smaller still because of his nakedness under the haphazard layers of blankets, his father's scent enveloping him like ivy on an oak trunk, he once again felt desire bleed through his veins, keeping him from the welcome embrace of unconsciousness. Still half-foggy from sleep, he reflexively touched himself, finding himself just as hard as when he woke up, and as he slowly stroked his length, he tried to conjure up images that would allow him to find relief and return to sleep. However, every time he painstakingly constructed an appropriate fantasy, it immediately contorted into one of his breathtaking father and the more he tried to think of anything and anyone else, the more his mind was inundated with memories of the King thrusting into his mouth or working him open with his fingers. His treacherous mind used the threads of these memories to weave new tableaux, as he imagined

Thranduil biting the pulse point on his neck as he stroked him with rough tugs, and shuddered as he felt him plunge into him with little preparation while Legolas was once again tied to the bed, as he whispered commands in his ear.

Even as he felt himself harden with each fresh wave of lust, he was simultaneously struck by shame and humiliation which flooded through every inch of his body until, overwhelmed, he pulled his hand away in repulsion and curled in on himself, almost weeping in frustration and disgust. He knew his father did what he did to save his life, and it pained him greatly that the toll it had taken upon him was so great that he could not even bear to be near Legolas, preferring to give up the comfort and familiarity of his own chambers to avoid being in the same room as his son. Not for the first time, he wished he had had the strength of will to hold out, even if it meant death, so as to spare his father the degradation of having to bed his own son. He was ashamed that his weakness had reduced his magnificent, dignified father to such a depraved act and he knew that there was something terribly wrong with him, perhaps unforgivably so, that he repaid his father's sacrifice by touching himself to thoughts of him as he still lay in his borrowed, oversized bed.

Still, his treacherous mind acted independently of his rational reasoning, and reminded Legolas of his father's words from that night, which only fed his shameful arousal, then as much as now. Those vignettes his father conjured — those fantasies — were indisputably superfluous to the act and he greedily clung to them even as he fruitlessly tried to cleanse his mind of these repellent thoughts. He trembled under the weight of his self-disgust even as he continued to thrum with desire.

As sleep finally took him in the early hours of the morning, his final thought had been that the poison must still flow through his veins and contrary to Lord Elrond's opinion, he was not, in fact, getting better.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, fine, this is going to be a longer story than I imagined. I'll be honest and admit that I completely forgot about the central conceit of the story so the main storyline of what on earth happened with the poison and who poisoned Legolas is considerably less thought out than literally any of the smut.

I have had to add some new tags for Liren's story. Let me know if you think I've missed any important ones. Once I've finished this story I might write an alternative one-shot of a different way that Thranduil could punish him with the poison but that will require a bunch of new tags. Let me know if that's something you want to read! I'm also toying with writing a one-shot of Elrond doing the decent (or indecent, depending on your perspective) thing and helping Legolas out. Choose your own adventure porn, if you will.

As always, please let me know what you thought because I literally live for your comments.

Sobriety

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

On the third day, it was agreed that Thranduil and Elrond would pay Legolas a visit. By all accounts, which thanks to Thranduil's servants had been extensive, his son was faring better, as he appeared to have almost completely recovered, and Thranduil could delay facing his son no longer. Although he had no specific reason to distrust any of the servants who attended on Legolas as he convalesced, Liren's treachery made him determined to confirm his son's progress for himself, even as he vowed not to let the betrayal of one servant lead him to treat his remaining, hitherto loyal, staff any differently. Thranduil understood that trust was a luxury enjoyed by the one who bestows it just as much as the recipient and he refused to let Liren's betrayal rob him of this as well. He would trust his servants but at this tumultuous time, he would also verify until he felt himself on safer ground.

Thranduil had foolishly believed that by now he would have been able to put what happened that night behind him so he was no longer forced to suffer the inconvenience and distraction of his conflicting thoughts and self-reproach, and so he was surprised, and discomfited, to discover that he was unable to shake it off as easily as he had hoped. The grief he felt at almost losing his son still shrouded his mind but he had dealt with life or death matters frequently in his long life and he did not see why that should be a complicating factor now.

The crux of the matter was simple: he understood that his actions were necessary, so he could not rationally regret them, but his assessment of the part he played that night was inescapably coloured by the intense pleasure he derived from the act, which resonated through him still and disturbed any peace he might have felt as he futilely tried to turn his attention to other matters. He could justify the act but not the actions, and the resulting conflict he could not hope to resolve was further aggravated by the deep self-loathing he felt when his body never failed to respond to the indecent images of his naked son with which he was assaulted at the most inopportune times during the day and then invariably at night, even as they filled him with revulsion.

Even if he could justify to himself the steps he took to ensure that his son lived, he knew he had no excuse for continuing to indulge in this depravity as Legolas lay recovering, free from the control of the poison, and the very fact that, for perhaps the first time in millennia, he could not bring his mind and body under his control chilled him to the core. So unused was he to such utter powerlessness over his own reactions that he did not initially trust himself to be around Legolas in case his face betrayed his unsolicited thoughts. He did not think he could bear to see his son's beautiful face contorted with disgust and insofar as he still had a heart, he did not think it would survive such an injury.

Since that night, he had had ample time to reflect on the way he made Legolas beg and he was uncharacteristically taken aback by his overwhelming yet utterly misplaced confidence that forcing his son to plead for his own defilement, as he himself – rather accurately – put it, would be a panacea to the emotional crisis that now threatened to choke him in his sleep. He somehow justified pursuing this course of action by holding firmly onto the belief that it would serve as an indicator of true desire and choice, as if his son could truly consent to anything while his mind was warped by the poison, and as if any lack of consent on his son's part would have stopped him from saving his life, if it came to it.

Why he thought it would bring him relief from the darkness that now threatened his mind, he did

not know, as all he felt now as he remembered his cruelty and his son's desperate pleading was shame at having forced upon his son such degradation and humiliating submission. More accurately, rather, Thranduil *wished* that it was all he felt, yet in the darkest hour of the night, when the stars were long gone and the sun was yet to rise, he replayed this bitter memory and felt himself grow painfully hard from his detailed mental reconstruction of his son's coerced surrender; the disgust that he felt at his betrayal of his son's trust was the only thing that stayed his hand.

Thranduil could live with bedding his son. He had done much worse for much flimsier reasons than saving the life of his only son and the heir to the throne. But he was less sure that he could live with the way he took advantage of the circumstances, seemingly to derive as much pleasure as he could from the boy's suffering or the shameful desire that he still felt whenever his mind wished to revisit his son's degradation, which to his remorse appeared to be often.

Still, if he could not keep these abhorrent thoughts at bay, the least he can do is ensure that Legolas never knew how they afflicted him. He would not force the one he loved most in this world to shoulder his perversions. He would not allow his mask to slip. With that thought held firmly in his mind, he let Elrond lead him into his own chambers, as though he were the visitor to the realm rather than his friend, and he was uncharacteristically grateful for the liberties that Elrond took in his own home.

Having been informed of the intended visit, Legolas put some effort into making himself presentable. He would not give them another reason to worry. He had none of his own clothes — the robes and leggings he wore that night lay in ribbons before they were discreetly removed by a servant, likely while he slept — but he did have access to Thranduil's wardrobe. After quickly washing himself in the adjoining private baths, he picked out the simplest tunic and leggings he could find, both in midnight blue. They were both slightly too big for him but he supposed it was the best he could do, given the circumstances. He wondered if his father would mind and wished he could have spared him yet another imposition but there was no time to ask for his own clothes to be sent up and he was sure he would prefer this to finding Legolas still nude in his bed.

He drew a comb through his hair, painfully removing several knots and felt himself blush as he remembered how he had acquired them, before putting in a few loose braids to keep his fair hair from his face. He did not know whether he should sit or stand, finding both unnatural, and remembering Lord Elrond's order to rest, he got back into his father's imposing bed, feeling slightly pathetic at the feeling of security this brought him. He sat back in bed, nestling his lower body under the blankets and tried to settle his frantic mind, the waiting making him nervous.

As it happens, he did not have to wait long. The chamber door opened to reveal Lord Elrond, looking as stately and composed as usual, and his father, looking *magnificent*. He wore a silver dress robe that twinkled as he moved, its low neck revealing elegant collarbones, and for the first time since the feast, he wore his crown, which never failed to elevate him, serving to emphasise the unattainability and undercurrent of danger that his father always exuded. Slightly overwhelmed by his majesty, Legolas could not help but stare. Embarrassed by his inappropriate reaction, he tried to control himself but was horrified to find the silky tendrils of arousal begin to caress his body once more as he distantly wondered what his skin would taste like and whether it would bruise easily under his teeth.

As Legolas unconsciously pulled up the blankets tighter against him, he watched Lord Elrond approach him until he stood at the foot of the bed, while his father remained as still as a statue several feet behind his companion, his face revealing nothing.

“May I examine you, Legolas?” Elrond asked gently. At the Prince’s silent nod, he moved slowly towards him, as though trying not to spook him, before sitting to rest on the bed beside Legolas. Leaning in while clearly telegraphing his movements, he placed his fingers on his temples as he inspected him, before closing his eyes for several long seconds, and focusing them again on his patient. Legolas was not sure what he was looking for but he seemed to find it as his questioning eyes relaxed and he hummed his approval.

“I see no trace of caethalhoer in his system and I cannot detect any lingering effects from the poison,” he said to Legolas with a paternal smile, though he addressed his words to Thranduil. Legolas looked up to gauge his father’s reaction, who gave a relieved nod at his words but said nothing.

“How do you feel?” Elrond asked Legolas.

“Better. The rest that I received over these past few days has been very beneficial and I believe that my body has now recovered from the trauma.” Legolas desperately wanted to leave it at that, more than he wanted almost anything else, but as he now looked at his father, he was once again struck by the same tawdry thoughts that had plagued his mind since that night and as he felt his body begin to react as it had before, he knew the utter mortification he would feel at what he would have to say was not a valid reason keep a potentially-significant symptom from Lord Elrond, though it was a close call. He steeled himself for what was to come as though he were about to face a horde of orcs and not someone whom he regarded as a second father.

“But as for my mind... I continue to have,” his voice fell to a whisper as he looked down at his hands as they nervously fretted with the blankets, “thoughts.” He looked up just in time to see Elrond exchange a look with his father, Thranduil remaining as unreadable as before, before he immediately returned his eyes to the blanket.

“Thranduil, perhaps I could speak to Legolas alone?” Elrond asked tactfully, after a pause.

“No,” was his immediate response.

Elrond sighed when he realised Thranduil would neither leave nor elaborate but said nothing, presumably because he realised it would be a fool’s errand. Legolas desperately wished his father would grant him this one kindness but he knew that he was not easily swayed once he had made a decision and his tone left no room for objections. He supposed that, given everything, he deserved this humiliation too.

Turning back to his patient, Elrond asked, more gently, “The nature of these thoughts is as before?”

“Yes,” Legolas said in an exhale of breath, still looking down at his hands, embarrassed.

“You continue to feel indiscriminate desire that you cannot control?” Elrond’s voice grew concerned, which made Legolas even more nervous, particularly as he thought he noticed Lord Elrond trying to keep his voice level.

Taking a deep breath, Legolas answered, “No. Not *indiscriminate*.” He prayed that Elrond would seek no further clarification but he somehow knew that was too much to ask for.

“Legolas, look at me.” It took all his strength to raise his eyes to Lord Elrond’s, as he felt himself blush, though he was undeniably comforted by the understanding he saw in his eyes. “Do you desire me?”

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Thranduil shift. It was almost imperceptible but Legolas caught the new tension in his spine evident from even that tiny movement. Nevertheless, he studiously kept his eyes trained on Lord Elrond.

“No, I do not,” he sighed in relief before quickly adding, more formally, “I apologise if I have offend—”

“You do not offend, tithen-nín,” Elrond smiled kindly. “On the contrary, I am greatly relieved that your mind is no longer under the effects of the poison. Though I see that you remain sceptical.” Legolas dropped his eyes in silent confirmation.

“The desire that you feel. It is just for one person?” Legolas nodded, dropping his head lower. “Legolas, as much as I still think of you as a small elfling, the fact is that you are an adult, long past the age of majority, and it is perfectly normal — natural, even — and entirely appropriate for you to feel such attraction.”

Each kind word felt like a dagger in Legolas’s guilt-ridden heart. He did not deserve his understanding. He knew he would be speaking to him completely differently if he knew who the object of his desire was. He was overcome with shame and, either on instinct or out of desire to punish himself for allowing Lord Elrond to unknowingly comfort him for his perversions, he looked up at his father with anguish before snapping his head back. The glance lasted a fraction of a second but Lord Elrond caught it. Legolas knew he caught it but fervently hoped that he would not know what it meant. He needed to end the interrogation here before he revealed too much.

“I wish to return to my chambers. I have stayed here long enough and now that I am feeling better, there is no reason for me to stay here,” the words stamped out of his mouth before Lord Elrond could say anything.

To his surprise, it was Thranduil who replied, “I will inform the servants,” as he left the room, turning expectantly at Lord Elrond who looked like he wanted to say more but changed his mind and followed. Legolas found himself alone once more.

Thranduil stormed out just far enough to ensure that Elrond followed him, then once the doors to his chambers were closed, froze and glared him down with all of the intimidation that his height, position and current state of rage allowed him. He began to part his lips to speak before he changed his mind and led Elrond down to one of the adjacent rooms, wishing to avoid having the conversation out in the open. He did not usually care about what his servants overheard – he was, after all, their King – but this was different. This he would bury beneath the deepest dungeon in the deepest cave in Middle Earth until the end of time.

“What was that?” His voice was as cold as the most frigid wind on a winter night once they were finally in a secluded set of rooms.

Elrond countered his question with one of his own. “You know of whom he speaks?”

“Yes,” Thranduil answered curtly.

“You understand he means you?” he persevered, as if the significance of this fact was too important to risk a misunderstanding.

“Yes”. His voice dropped to a whisper as he stared Elrond down as if daring him to continue to speak before giving up, pouring himself a glass of wine from a tray on the counter and

uncharacteristically flopping down in a large, plush chair with only a hint of his usual grace, rubbing his temple with one hand as he looked away from his friend.

“Thranduil,” he started gently, as he sat down in the chair opposite, his hands clasped together, as if easing himself into a difficult conversation with a temperamental child, “you did not wish to speak of it and I did not object because it was not my place to do compel you to do so but the trajectory of the events makes it imperative—”

He was interrupted by the Elvenking’s withering laugh. “Of course you believe it is *imperative* that we discuss it. Well, continue, then. Let me have it,” he said with a wave of his hand without looking at him. He expected a long, drawn-out conversation in which Elrond delicately drew out the truth from him over the course of many hours, soliciting information with a raised eyebrow here and a nod there, never pushing, never overstepping his bounds. That was not exactly what happened.

“You bedded him.” It was not a question.

“Yes.”

“You persuaded him?”

“In a manner of speaking.”

“Meaning?”

“I made it inevitable. Impossible to resist.”

“Thranduil, the poison made it inevitable—”

“I made him beg,” he sighed, still looking into the distance, voice crackling minutely on the last word. Elrond paused as if considering this new information.

“You bit him.”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

He did not expect this question but showed no sign of surprise. Why did he bite him? He did it because he wanted to persuade him to submit, to allow him to save his life.

“I wanted to,” he said instead, his voice slightly strained under the effort of keeping his tone even and detached.

“He enjoyed it?”

Thranduil snorted. “He would have enjoyed anything that was done to him in that state.”

“Then why make him beg?” A long pause settled around the room like fog.

When Elrond began to speak, clearly coming to the conclusion that Thranduil would not answer, he was immediately interrupted by Thranduil’s quiet response, as he whispered, “I wanted to.”

“You enjoyed it.”

“Yes,” he sighed, a hint of anguish in his tone.

“But you and Legolas have never before—”

“No,” he barked out as he looked up sharply at the Peredhel.

“And do you still desire—”

“No,” he lied, maintaining eye contact until Elrond appeared satisfied with the answer.

“Thranduil,” Elrond took a deep breath and spoke with compassion, “you did what you did so he might live. You did what you had to do.”

“I did *much* more than I had to do,” Thranduil fired back, a cold fire burning in his eyes as they met Elrond’s in defiance.

Elrond sighed before continuing, clearly choosing to sidestep this line of conversation entirely, “Legolas is strong and he will recover. He will move past whatever he thinks he feels now. He just needs time, which he now has, thanks to you.”

Something in Thranduil broke at hearing this undeserved comfort, though he made sure his face revealed nothing. *It should have been you*, he thought, even as he felt stifled by his own guilt. He did not think he could bear it for much longer. Of course, the insufferable Peredhel only continued to add to his misery.

“You did the right thing, mellon-nín. Do not judge yourself so harshly.”

Another pause settled around them, neither wishing to break the silence for several long moments. If it made Elrond feel awkward, Thranduil had no intention of alleviating his discomfort.

Finally, Thranduil had had enough and wished to be free from his unhelpful conversation, and asked, “Will you be staying long, Elrond?”

“No, I must leave soon.” Thranduil was grateful that he took the hint. He did not think he could spend any more time under his inquisitive gaze. He wanted to be left alone with his corrupt desires and his bittersweet regrets. He wanted to nurse them like a fine vintage and steep in them like tea. He saw no other way to move past it and he knew he needed to do it alone. He was relieved, though somehow also saddened, when Elrond left the next day.

Since that difficult conversation, Thranduil spent many hours in solitude, often in meditation, attempting to once again bring his mind and body under his control by the sheer force of his will, an instrument that had never previously failed him. Naturally, he avoided Legolas as much as possible. He could not deny that Legolas’s inadvertent confession brought into sharp focus the urgency and necessity of forcibly removing these arrant thoughts from his mind. He understood the danger in what Legolas told Elrond. And he was certain that his son’s thoughts are nothing more than a latent desire borne of a traumatic and highly charged incident and that, in time, like all things, they would pass. But this did absolutely nothing to rein in the lecherous desire that he felt for his alluring son. If anything, it only made it worse, as though his confession, unintentional as it may have been, gave Thranduil’s imagination permission to violate Legolas in every imaginable way many, many times a day, without rest or respite, as his lascivious mind held him in a vice and did not let go. For the first time in his life, he wished he was less good at reading others so that he might have been mistaken about the true object of his son’s lust when Legolas spoke of his desire.

As it was, he found it exceptionally difficult to concentrate on other matters now that he knew – or, at the very least, strongly suspected – that at any point, he could simply walk into his son’s

chambers and enact one of the many indecent fantasies that flitted around his mind at any given time, and would meet no resistance except from his own moral convictions, whatever they were worth now.

Thranduil bitterly wished that he did not remember how exquisite Legolas had felt in his arms, how his skin tasted under his lips or the sound of his whimpers and moans as he lost control, but he feared that there was nothing in the whole of Middle Earth that would make him forget. He wanted him so badly that every ounce of his strength was now devoted to repressing his suffocating desire, leaving him more vulnerable than he had felt in centuries, and more alone.

Chapter End Notes

I considered having Thranduil misunderstand who Legolas was talking about but that felt a little cliched and I thought someone like Thranduil would probably have the intelligence and experience to read the situation better than that. I also thought that having Thranduil try to resist someone who wanted him in return would torture him more than if he thought it was unrequited and I guess I'm just cruel like that.

We're almost at an end. I have one more chapter planned and then I think I might finish the story, though I might then work on some one-shots and vignettes based around the story.

Thank you so much for the kudos and your lovely comments. They literally make my day and motivate me to write more, which is partly why this story is continuing beyond the five chapters that I originally planned. As always, please tell me what you liked and didn't like, as this will help me massively as I write the final chapter.

Withdrawal

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hours flowed into days and days flowed into weeks. Under usual circumstances, such trivial passage of time would have been nothing more than a blink of an eye to an elf but these were anything but usual circumstances. Legolas felt each excruciatingly long moment keenly. Since returning to his own chambers, he had felt a degree of normality return to his daily life. Paradoxically, this only drove him to greater despair. While he was convalescing in his father's chambers, he was comforted by the perhaps naïve notion that he would be free from his sordid desires once he was no longer surrounded by constant reminders of that consequential night. To learn that his debauched mind was just as keen to revisit every moment of his depravity without the cues of his surroundings forced Legolas to accept that there would be no escape for him and, as such, there would be no peace for his weary mind.

His father appeared to be busier than ever with the business of the realm and he saw him rarely, if at all. This was a blessing as each time he was in his vicinity, he would find his eyes tracing the Elvenking's enticing collarbones, shapely calves and tempting lips, and he could not stop the many images of what he looked like naked from running through his mind. It was also a curse because each time he observed his father devoting so much of his time, energy and concentration to something as ostensibly trivial as optimising the tariffs on imported buckwheat in a way that had never seemed to concern him before, Legolas was sure he only did so to avoid him, which broke his heart every time. He did not know whether he knew about his indecent thoughts or whether the source of his repulsion lay in what he was forced to do that night but it filled Legolas with shame either way.

The peak of his anguish came during a council meeting several weeks after he moved back to his own chambers. The purpose of the meeting was to review the realm's defences and scouting rotations of its outer regions and as one of the most senior military leaders, the Prince was expected to attend, no matter how much he had wished to remain anywhere other than the same room as his father. Legolas spent most of the meeting attempting to keep his responses to Thranduil's presence in check but the meeting was long and his desire had grown difficult to control, like an unruly plot of land that had been neglected for too long.

In his weakness, he had allowed his thoughts to drift to how the King's neck would taste if he were to gently bite it where his pulse thrummed, and his eyes wandered to the neck in question, which was currently revealed by a low cut tunic, without realising it. He was shocked out of his daydream as he realised what he was doing, and his eyes instinctively flew up to Thranduil's face to see whether he had noticed. At this exact moment, his father looked away from the adviser who was currently discussing something Legolas had long ago stopped paying attention to and locked eyes with his son, meeting his gaze with a ferocious intensity. For a long, terrifying moment, the two just stared at each other, neither looking away, as Legolas's anxiety rapidly mounted and he was mortified to realise that the intensity of his father's stare coupled with his earlier inappropriate thoughts had a pronounced effect on his treacherous body and he felt himself blush as he finally pulled himself away from his father's piercing stare.

Unable to remain any longer, he made an excuse and fled the room with as much decorum as he would muster, returning to his chambers. He could resist it no longer. Once he was in the privacy of his room, he shut the door and leaned against a nearby wall as he unlaced the waistband of his leggings and took himself in hand, sighing in relief. He knew it was futile to attempt to think of

anything other than the object of his desire so he did not even bother trying. Bringing up a rich assortment of images that had haunted him every hour of the last few weeks, he felt himself grow impossibly hard as he touched himself with rough strokes, his breathing ragged as he raced to completion with little finesse and just a hint of pain. His thoughts coalesced around an image of his father's lips around his cock, as he imagined what it would feel like to pump into his hot mouth, his fingers buried in his hair. As he remembered the sound the Elvenking had made when he breached Legolas for the first time, he came so hard over his tunic that he almost lost his balance as he slumped down to the floor, panting. He could feel hot tears of shame slide down his cheeks and felt powerless to stop them.

He could not go on like this.

Thranduil had a long day that tested his patience at every turn. First, he had to meet with a trading partner from Lake Town who foolishly tried to renegotiate their agreement on more favourable terms to the trader. He regretted removing him from his realm in the manner that he did, if only because it meant he would now have to go through the trouble of interviewing his replacement, but he did not care to develop a reputation as someone who can be bargained with.

That meeting was followed by a report of an orc sighting that was too close to their realm for his liking, which naturally necessitated a long, dull meeting with all of his advisers, which inevitably meant that he would be forced to face his son for the first time in at least a week. As they sat down, he was very grateful to note that Legolas had been studiously avoiding making eye contact with him and as much as it pained him, it meant he could actually focus on the matter at hand instead of having to deal with his son's clear but eminently dangerous thoughts and thoughts of his own, which were far murkier but every bit as dangerous, much like the Mirkwood itself.

His mood only worsened when halfway through the meeting he could feel someone's eyes on him and after a review of his periphery, he was agitated but not surprised to note that it was Legolas. It pulled his concentration into two distinct directions and like a vine being pulled in half under sufficient force, he felt himself give way under the tension and snapped his eyes to his son.

He immediately regretted it as he almost groaned at the sheer, unconcealed arousal that he saw in his eyes. He could not bear to look away. He stilled as time stopped and they gazed at each other as though frozen in amber for eternity. When he began to wonder whether it would really be so bad if he threw his son on the table before them and stripped him in front of all of the most senior advisers of the realm, he was startled out of his reverie as Legolas practically bolted out of the room. He was relieved, even as his body protested against this apparent change of plans, and after taking a moment to collect himself, he proceeded with the meeting, his mood no less stormy than before.

Once the extraordinarily long meeting had finally drawn to a close, he retired to his private library where he intended to enjoy a glass of wine without being disturbed. He had only just begun the process of clearing his mind when he was snapped out of his thoughts.

"My Lord, I apologise for disturbing you but you wished to be kept apprised of..." he slightly wilted under Thranduil's harsh glare but to his credit, he continued. "It is Legolas, my Lord. He is leaving."

At that, Thranduil briefly shut his eyes in frustration before striding towards his chambers, his rage trailing him as he walked. He dismissed the guard, giving the order that they were not to be disturbed, before throwing open the doors. He stilled as he watched his son pack, expecting a swift explanation but Legolas did not even notice his presence, so thoroughly was he absorbed in his

hurried preparations. Thranduil had already exhausted his ordinarily-vast supply of patience and he felt absolute fury rage within him as he readied himself to bark orders at his son and scold him for his imprudence. But when Legolas finally looked up at him, uncharacteristically only noticing the intruder in his rooms for the first time, he was shocked to see tears streaked across his beautiful face and he felt his rage leave him in an instant. Drained of his anger, all he felt was exhaustion. Exhaustion and utter misery.

“What is this? You are leaving?” he finally asked in a low voice.

“Adar...” Legolas stopped what he was doing and looked at his father, clearly struggling with finding the right words.

“Where would you go?” he sounded broken even to his own ears and he hated himself for it.

“Imladris, at first. Then, I do not know. But I must leave.”

“You’re going to Elrond?” Thranduil asked then immediately regretted it. “Why would you do such a thing? You have barely recovered and now you wish to traipse around Middle Earth like an orphan when your home is here.” At that Legolas sat down on his bed, eyes lowered to the floor.

“You avoid being in my vicinity and when you cannot avoid me, you cannot even meet my eye.” Thranduil thought this was a ridiculous thing to say, given what just took place in the council meeting but said nothing. “I cannot undo what happened that night, as much as I may wish to. But I can make this easier for both us by removing myself from your sight.”

“I do not wish you to.” He wished he could have sounded anything other than weak but his strength had finally deserted him. “I wish for you to stay.”

“It will be easier this way.”

Thranduil felt paralysed by the realisation that he may very well lose this battle but he could not live with himself if he did not at least put up a fight so he tried reasoning with him. “You cannot just run away from things, Legolas. You will have to make many difficult decisions in your life but once made, you must learn to live with them.”

“Do you think I chose to be poisoned?” Thranduil realised he had said the wrong thing even before his son erupted in outrage but it was too late to go back now. He was not sure why he continued going down this path when he barely believed his own words but he had little else with which to argue.

“Of course not, but once you were, you chose... this.”

“I *chose* death!” His son’s entire body radiated fury and regret even as tears continued to fall down his face. Thranduil felt like he had been stabbed, his breath leaving his body for a long, long moment. He watched Legolas turn from him and continue to pack. His heart broke when he watched him sling his bag around his shoulder. He felt helpless to move. Helpless to stop him. He focused his gaze on the floor, afraid that he would fall apart completely if he had to watch his son leave.

“Don’t go,” he whispered so quietly, he was not sure he would even be heard, as his eyes remained fixed on the stone floor. “Don’t leave me. Please.”

He saw Legolas approach him out of the corner of his eye as he attempted to pull him into an embrace. He was saying goodbye. He could not be a part of it. He could not do it. He did not move a muscle. He felt Legolas stiffen when he realised his embrace would not be returned and it turned

his stomach to feel him recoil. He was not sure whether it was anger or disappointment but the pain of this movement rippled through Thranduil like a physical blow.

As Legolas took a step towards the door he turned back until he was right behind his father and whispered in an emotion Thranduil did not recognise, “You beg me to stay yet you cannot even look at me. I do not blame you for your disgust, Adar. Please do not blame me for being too weak to bear to see it on your face. I hope you find peace without me.” He turned to head for the door.

Something in Thranduil broke, irreparably so. His hand was forced and as he felt fresh grief descend and corner him, he struck back like a wounded animal acting on instinct.

Chapter End Notes

I said there would be just one more chapter but it was getting so long that I had to break it up into two. Apologies for the slightly short chapter but I will be posting the final, much longer chapter over the next few days.

Relapse

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

As Legolas began to walk towards the door, he was hit by a bolt of panic when he found himself thrown roughly against the wall, as he felt his wrists being violently pinned to the wall on either side of his face. Before he could react, his father pressed into him and kissed him with brutal force, biting his lower lip and immediately deepening the kiss once Legolas's lips parted in shock, Thranduil's tongue plundering his mouth with a reckless intensity. He became vaguely aware of a copper taste in his mouth though he could not identify where his father had drawn blood. When the initial shock had subsided, he became viscerally aware of the firm body pressed against him, his wrists immobilised with sufficient force to leave bruises, and he was embarrassed to realise he was painfully hard already. He could not help moaning into the hot mouth upon him, his hips bucking up on instinct, as he felt Thranduil growl and grind against him with harsh but controlled thrusts.

He was hit by wave after wave of arousal until he struggled to breathe, pulling his lips away in a reflexive attempt to stop himself from passing out as he choked on the fresh intake of air. Just as he turned from his father, he felt his lips drop to his jaw, his tongue working in tandem with his teeth as he descended down his neck in a garland of wet bites that had Legolas struggling to stop himself from groaning. As he lavished his pulse point with a particularly painful bite, Legolas felt himself blush as a long, filthy moan left his lips, making his father growl into his skin.

Thranduil gave him no chance to process what was happening as he made his way back up his neck and pulled on his earlobe with his teeth, making Legolas whine as his hips thrust against him. He felt Thranduil smirk against him as he traced the outer shell of his ear with his lips and just a hint of teeth, before wrapping his lips around the sensitive tip and biting down gently, before worrying the bite with his tongue. Legolas gasped as he struggled to breathe around pants, feeling heat everywhere in his body. For a brief moment, he felt dangerously close to the edge as Thranduil continued to nibble on his ear and he felt himself approach climax before he suddenly pulled off. He could not stop himself from whining at the loss of sensation, even as Thranduil kept his lips close enough to his ear that his moist breath danced over the sensitive flesh, making Legolas even harder.

"If you wish to leave, I will at least disabuse you of your incorrect assumptions before you go," he felt his father whisper into his ear as his eyes fluttered shut, amazed that he could be so articulate while Legolas struggled to think altogether. "I desire you immensely. I have not been able to stop thinking about you, and this, since that night. I have spent most hours of each day and every single night imagining what I could do to you, remembering what I *have* done to you and how you felt around my cock."

Legolas felt scorching arousal flood his veins as he drowned in sensation. He was not sure if a response was required from him but he did not think that he currently possessed the mental acuity to give one. He felt himself draw closer to the edge as he realised with a degree of embarrassment that he could probably come from just his father's deep voice in his ear.

"Staying away from you has been excruciating and I can no longer resist you. If you doubt my words, then I will have you feel how you affect me," Thranduil continued as he grinded his erection into Legolas, making him moan, rolling his body against him then pulling back. "But you, foolish boy, you want to leave because you cannot stop thinking of how I felt inside you. You have been so selfish, so self-centred. Have you given any concern to how I might be feeling? As it

happens, I feel very close to losing my mind if I do not take you right now and I simply cannot continue without feeling your flesh under my fingertips. Let me have you.”

Legolas’s breath hitched and he nodded fiercely, unable to respond in words, as a delicious tension wound tightly around his body. He wanted it so badly that he did not think there was anything in Middle Earth that could have stopped him. Distantly, he remembered that there was something inappropriate about all of this but it would have taken someone with far more self-control than Legolas possessed to stop it now and the only person he knew with that strength of will was currently grazing his neck with his teeth, with barely a hint of restraint.

In an instant, Thranduil’s lips left his skin as he moved to face his son, his face just inches away. As Legolas moved to close the gap and bring their lips together, his father pulled back ever so slightly, forcing Legolas to open his eyes and meet his gaze, still pinned to the cold wall by his wrists. He groaned at the intensity he saw in those sapphire blue eyes, dilated so much that they looked almost unnatural.

“I feel compelled to tell you that if we continue, there will be no turning back,” he managed to say through gritted teeth. “There is no poison this time. You will have to live with your regrets.”

It took all of Legolas’s remaining strength to answer, as he tried to get his breathing under control, but mostly failed, “I want this. I want you. Please.”

With a growl, Thranduil released his wrists and pulled his son’s riding tunic over his head in one smooth move and began to lick down his neck then chest as Legolas followed his movements with his eyes, unable to do anything but lose himself in the sensations. He gasped as Thranduil’s tongue flicked over his nipple and mewled as he responded to the sound by continuing to lick and bite it intermittently. Soon enough, his father descended lower, licking messy patterns into his toned stomach, as the muscles beneath tensed and relaxed, before he unlaced and pulled down his leggings, dropping to his knees to remove them impatiently.

Legolas watched helplessly as Thranduil traced his lower stomach and then his hip bones with his tongue, as he pressed his hips against the wall with strong hands. He was indescribably aroused and as he felt his cock twitch every time those lips moved teasingly closer before again moving away, he let out a frustrated whine. Suddenly, he felt a hot tongue slowly lick a stripe from the base of his cock to the tip and he could not stop his hand, which had previously rested on Thranduil’s shoulder, from grabbing him by the roots of his silken hair as his head fell back against the wall and he moaned. He felt Thranduil close his lips gently around the tip and his hand reflexively tightened in his hair in what must have been a painful grasp. He was not at all prepared for the Elvenking to groan in response, the filthy decadence of his father’s evident arousal at his rough handling and the vibration that the sound sent through his cock pushing him perilously closer to the edge as he fought helplessly to maintain control. He almost cried out when his father pulled off him with a chuckle.

He looked down at him, immediately dizzy at the image of his father on his knees, still fully dressed, his lips slightly swollen and covered in spit, inches away from his cock, his eyes full of almost feral hunger, and desperately pleaded, “Please.”

“Please, what? What do you want?” He looked amused and Legolas could not help but tighten the grip in his hair in his frustration as he threaded the other hand through his hair with equal force, pleased when he felt his breathing speed up in response. He was sorely tempted to pull his mouth towards him by his hair but he was not quite brave enough, even in his current state, though he could not deny that he got a kick out of disturbing his father’s perfect hair. There was a certain power that came with being able to do so.

“Your mouth.” He hoped that was enough as he found himself struggling to form sentences.

“You *have* my mouth. Tell me what you would have me do with my mouth,” Thranduil purred as he put a strong hand at the base of his cock to angle it towards his mouth before placing painfully-gentle licks around the sensitive underside of the head as he locked eyes with his son, making Legolas moan brokenly and shiver all over. As he instinctively tried to buck into his mouth, he was prevented by Thranduil’s other hand which effortlessly pinned him to the wall.

It was excruciating to watch the imperious King on his knees – his eyes blown with lust, groaning deeply as Legolas fisted his hair – while he was denied relief but as he continued to place featherlight licks on his throbbing erection with his hot, dextrous tongue, while keeping Legolas’s hips pinned firmly to the wall, he concluded that his father got off on torturing him and it frightened him just how much this turned him on. He was so close already that he thought he would probably come from just this if Thranduil continued but wrestling with his overwhelming desire for weeks made him greedy to take everything he could get, if he could just pull himself together enough to form the words. He met his father’s gaze, unconsciously fisting his hair tighter at the arousal in his eyes.

“Make me come with your mouth,” he choked, biting back a moan at the positively indecent look that graced Thranduil’s face.

“Tell me Legolas, have you imagined me on my knees, like this, with my lips around you? Have you touched yourself imagining how it would feel?” he said in a dangerously silky voice, his hot breath ghosting over the sensitive tip of the painfully hard cock in his hand, as Legolas dropped his head, blushing fiercely, and nodded minutely, his eyes fluttering shut. “Because as it happens, I have spent many, *many* hours imagining how you would feel as I took you so deeply I choked on your cock, how you would taste on my lips as I suck you and the sounds you would make when you come down my throat.”

“Please, just—” Legolas gasped as with no warning, Thranduil wrapped his lips tightly around his cock, his head hitting the wall with an audible thud as he arched his body as far as Thranduil’s hand on his hip permitted.

Thranduil swiftly pulled away, making Legolas mewl in dismay, and commanded, “No. Look at me.”

With great effort, Legolas complied, his breath hitching at the frightening intensity in his cerulean eyes and was rewarded when Thranduil wrapped his hot lips around him once more and started to suck him in a slow but firm rhythm, never breaking eye contact, as he used both of his hands to restrain his hips. The feeling of sliding into that wet, tight heat was exquisite and Legolas wished he could make it last longer but he was already so very close to the edge that he knew he would not be able to hold out. He was assaulted by symphony of overwhelming sensations, the unbelievable pleasure that thrummed through his body only heightened by the positively obscene image of Thranduil’s lips around him, his pupils completely dilated with lust, as he made these small sounds somewhere between a moan and a hum as though he were loving it, as if he could not get enough of it. When his father did something particularly clever with his tongue on an upstroke, Legolas could not stop himself from tightening his fists in his hair, which made Thranduil moan loudly and take him in so deeply that he engulfed his cock completely as it hit the back of his throat. Legolas mewled as Thranduil swallowed around him and his vision blacked out for a fraction of a second.

Suddenly, his father stilled his mouth, though he did not pull off from his cock. Legolas was so close to orgasm that this abrupt stop had him on the verge of tears until he watched, utterly mesmerised, as Thranduil removed his hands from Legolas’s hips, never breaking eye contact, and

placed both of his arms behind him, straightening up just a fraction as he elegantly clasped his hands together behind his back, his eyes burning with mischief and desire.

Legolas stopped breathing completely. The powerful King of the Elves who can effortlessly command a vast army with just a tilt of his head was currently on his knees before him, his lips wrapped tightly around his cock, his hands held behind his back in an unmistakable gesture of submission as he offered his mouth to Legolas to use as he pleased. He had never experienced anything as painfully erotic as this moment, even when he was drugged with the aphrodisiac, and for several long moments he could not move, he could not talk and he could not remember how to breathe.

It was his father's smirk around his cock – somehow both irritating and deeply arousing – that snapped him out of his reverie as he finally felt air rush into his lungs, as a full-body shiver coursed through him. Without once dropping his gaze, he fisted his hands in those silken tresses so hard his fingernails scraped his scalp, as he watched Thranduil's pupils dilate even further. With a deep, almost pained moan, he used the leverage provided to pull his mouth further onto his cock as he heard and felt Thranduil briefly choke before regaining his composure, his eyes misty. Gripping him by the roots as an anchor, Legolas started to thrust in increasingly brutal strokes, fucking his sublime, almost-scolding wet mouth with abandon as he chased his release. Watching Thranduil maintain his pose with perfect grace despite the abuse sent a thrill down his spine and every inch of his body thrummed in ecstasy as he teetered on the edge. Soon, his thrusts became faster and rougher as he felt his body tense in delicious anticipation and his fists in his father's hair tightened further. As a deep, primal groan broke from his throat and the corners of his vision faded, he felt his climax erupt through him as he emptied himself down Thranduil's throat over three thrusts so deep he felt him choke around him, as he held him down by his hair in a brutal grip.

A long moment later, he released his hair and took a step back, distantly watching Thranduil swallow with detached fascination, his vision unfocused as he finally looked away. He attempted to stand up straight but lost his footing and collapsed on the floor in a heap as he struggled to regain his breath.

He felt strong arms pick him up and carry him to his bed though he felt helpless to assist them. When his father gently deposited him on the silk sheets, he blindly clung onto one of his arms and pulled him down beside him, curling around him as he laid his head on where his chest met his shoulder. He was so utterly and completely spent that he was surprised when he felt the faint whisper of arousal ripple through him once again at the feel of the firm body beneath him, his father's elaborately embroidered tunic and gown scratching pleasantly against his bare skin. He closed his eyes with a sigh.

"You will stay?" his father whispered. Unable to respond in words, Legolas nodded against his chest as he draped an arm across him.

A whirl of conflicting emotions swirled around Thranduil's mind, all of them secondary to the immense relief he felt that he was not going to lose his precious son. As methods of persuasion went, he found this one to be particularly effective, though he would not lie to himself and pretend that this was his only motivation. He was still painfully aroused as desire continued to thrum through his veins, his mind replaying the delicious feeling of Legolas thrusting into his mouth and the electrifying way he lost control when he came. He had not done that for a very long time but for the life of him he could not remember why and being presently surrounded by Legolas's pliant, nude, post-coital body did nothing to extinguish his ardour.

Still, his objective had been met and with great reluctance he concluded that it would be best if they stopped here. If his son came to regret it, he did not want to do anything else that would add to his regrets, as difficult as it was to resist seeking his own release from the enticing and seemingly willing naked body in his arms. He had intended to put his son into bed and leave him to rest but he was currently prevented from doing so by the hot limbs wrapped tightly around him as he felt his son's breathing even out, even as he continued to wriggle in a way that tested Thranduil's resolve to stop himself from crossing any more lines.

As he contemplated his escape, he felt Legolas cautiously move the arm that was currently draped across him inward until his hand rested on his rib cage. It lingered there for a minute before it slowly moved lower as Legolas caressed his toned stomach with his fingertips. Even through layers of cloth, and as gentle as his touch was, it sent a paralysing bolt of lust through Thranduil who desperately tried to focus on his breathing to stop himself from reacting. His relief that Legolas seemed content to rest his hand there was short lived as he felt his long fingers move dangerously lower as they teased the waistband of his leggings, tracing patterns into his lower stomach as he skimmed between his hipbones. The urge to seize his hand and place it just a few inches lower was overwhelming and it took all of his remaining strength to resist. Instead, he gripped his hand firmly and stilled it against his stomach.

"What are you doing?" He cursed himself for the undeniable arousal that he could hear in his voice.

"You know what I'm doing," Legolas replied shyly after a pause.

"You do not have to," Thranduil said with more conviction than he felt. "Do something, I mean." He felt the body in his arms stiffen slightly, though to his frustration that did not stop the minute wriggling that was making it very difficult to concentrate.

"I do have to. Do something, I mean," he whispered coyly as the fingertips of his restrained hand continued to rub tiny circles onto his stomach and Thranduil wondered whether he was aware of just how seductive he was being or whether he was just too innocent to realise it. He was so very, very tempted but he had made a decision and he intended to follow through with it.

"What we did was enough," he sighed.

"Maybe I want more," he spoke so softly that Thranduil almost had to strain to catch his words. "Maybe I have spent almost every hour of the last few weeks thinking of doing more, much more. You said you wanted me but as I lay here already growing hard again as I imagine how you will feel inside me, you stop me. I begin to wonder whether maybe that was just a ruse designed to keep me in Mirkwood. I begin to wonder whether you want me at all."

Thranduil closed his eyes and took several deep breaths, the last exhale turning into a quiet groan as he took the teasing soft hand on his stomach and placed it firmly on his straining erection. Legolas gasped and exhaled a breathy moan. After a brief pause, his fingers began to tentatively brush the length of his rock-hard cock as Thranduil tried to stop himself from moaning, his breathing ragged.

"Does this sufficiently demonstrate my desire?" He felt distinctly uncomfortable about the ease with which he abandoned his earlier resolution in the face of temptation but there was only so much that even he could take before succumbing to desire.

Legolas smiled gently as he sat up, leaning towards Thranduil, and with his other hand began to methodically undo his father's elaborate ensemble, his dextrous fingers making easy work of the complicated clasps. Thranduil raised himself slightly and leaned back on his elbows as he silently

assisted him with the task as he swiftly pulled off any fabric that his son had freed until he was naked from the waist up. A thrill ran up his spine when he saw Legolas's breathing take on a strained quality as he watched him undress, as his lightly muscled chest flushed coral once more. He used his free hand to explore the skin that he had unclothed, as Thranduil's arousal mounted and his heartbeat grew erratic.

They locked eyes as Legolas began to unlace his leggings with his other hand, his eyes impossibly dilated as Thranduil expended considerable will power on not pouncing on him and mounting him like a wild animal. It seems his son wished to tease him because he unlaced him so carefully that he made sure not to touch flesh, which drove Thranduil wild, before pulling down his leggings a few inches, just far enough to expose his cock, which jutted up against his stomach. Without dropping his gaze, Legolas brought up his hand and wrapped it loosely around his cock as it twitched in his hand, before beginning to stroke it with an excruciatingly gentle grip that had Thranduil moaning deeply before he could stop himself. He was so far gone already that he could not stop himself from attempting to thrust into that lovely, devious hand but when he did, Legolas only loosened his grip and twisted away to prevent him from increasing the friction.

After a few minutes of this torture, Thranduil gave up and fell back on the bed with a growl, closing one hand over his eyes as he rubbed his temples. As soon as he did so, he felt that hand slide down to the base as his cock was engulfed in a tight, wet heat and he released a long, filthy groan as he thrust into it involuntarily. He felt Legolas hollow out his cheeks as his hot mouth gripped him like a vice as he started bobbing his head. Although Thranduil managed to regain some control over his hips, he could not contain the series of loud, unrestrained moans that spilled out of his mouth as his body trembled all over. Suddenly, Legolas stopped and the delicious heat was gone, making Thranduil groan in frustration as he tried to get his breathing under control.

"It is still considered regicide, I think, even if this is how you choose to kill your king," he choked out through ragged breaths. His son's small, melodic laugh echoed around the room and he decided that there was definitely something wrong with him that he found even this arousing. He reached forward and pulled Legolas on top of him, choking back a moan when he felt his erection, rigid and already leaking precum, on his stomach as his toned, long legs bracketed his hips. Threading one hand through his hair, Thranduil gently pulled his lips towards his and kissed him deeply as his tongue hungrily explored his mouth and his eyes fluttered shut.

Opening his eyes, he pulled back to look at the beautiful face before him and felt breathless as he observed the unrestrained desire in his son's eyes, his cheeks flushed and his lips slightly swollen. He felt a strange mood descend over him and he decided to indulge a whim.

"Would you like to fuck me?" Thranduil asked in the same tone one might use to offer a dignitary dessert at a formal dinner, though in a dangerously low pitch that did little to hide his arousal. Legolas's breath hitched as his eyes fluttered shut before returning his gaze to Thranduil, the lust in his eyes taking on a slightly wild quality.

"I... did not realise that was an option," he breathed.

"Of course it's an option," Thranduil replied, slightly offended by his son's apparent surprise. Legolas said nothing for a few long moments while he seemed to struggle to process what was being offered to him. Thranduil felt his cock twitch enticingly against his skin.

"Yes, that would be..." he sounded breathless as a shiver rippled through him before he seemed to snap out of his thoughts with some effort. "But tonight, I wish to feel you inside me."

There was very little that Thranduil would not do when his son looked at him like that and he was very happy to oblige, though he definitely intended to revisit that thought later – if indeed there was

a later – as he felt the familiar thrill of anticipation settle low in his stomach. Raising himself up, he pulled Legolas in for a rough, messy kiss. He could not stop himself from digging his nails into his satin skin as he ran his hands down his back, making Legolas writhe against him. As he was about to reach out to rummage around in the drawers of his bedside table, he remembered they were in Legolas's chambers.

He broke away from the kiss and rested his wet lips on his son's cheek as he asked, "Do you have oil or a salve?"

To his surprise, Legolas leaned over, swiftly opened the third drawer of a cabinet and pulled out a small bottle before handing it to his father as his face flushed crimson. Thranduil was suddenly assaulted by a myriad of images of all the uses the beautiful elf before him might have for the oil and vibrated with arousal as he felt himself grow even harder.

Uncapping the bottle, he poured a generous amount over his fingers as he shifted Legolas closer to him and pulled him in for a scorching kiss, his tongue exploring every corner of his mouth. As he did so, he used one hand to steady him by his hip while his other reached behind him, briefly coating his tight entrance with oil before gently sliding one long finger inside him. Legolas gasped and his tongue became more urgent as he widened the kiss. Thranduil wanted to go slow, he really did, but his own overwhelming desire was beginning to suffocate him while Legolas offered no help whatsoever as he began to writhe alluringly on his finger. Hoping he was ready, he added a second finger. The feeling of Legolas clenching around him went straight to his cock as Thranduil imagined what it will be like to thrust into that tight heat and he moaned into the kiss, which was becoming increasingly uncoordinated, before Legolas broke away to breathe.

As he felt his muscles relax around him, he stretched his middle finger and, his eyes locked on his son's face, curled it, watching as Legolas arched his whole body into him and threw his head back, his lips contorting around a guttural groan that seemed to go on forever, as he desperately tried to grind against the fingers inside him. Thranduil was already dangerously close to the edge just watching him and he did not think he could wait much longer. He added a third finger and stretched him open as he continued to intermittently graze the same spot to distract him from any discomfort, as Legolas continued to writhe against him, moaning, as he tried to fuck himself on his fingers.

Suddenly, Legolas reached down to still his hand, his face pained, as he choked out, "Stop, I – *ah* – I'm close." Thranduil gently removed his fingers, his whole body thrumming with need.

Legolas took several deep breaths, his eyes closed for a few moments, before he straightened himself up, picked up the bottle from where it lay on the bed and poured a generous amount onto one of his hands. He trained his eyes on Thranduil's as he leaned back and coated him with oil in a couple of rough twists that had Thranduil groaning. Without taking his eyes off his father, he lined himself up so he was directly above his straining erection, the tip just brushing his flesh, but moving no further. As he continued to watch Thranduil, whose body was now trembling under the effort of keeping himself from thrusting up into the tight, slick entrance above him, his strong hands gripping him by his hips, Legolas brought his other hand to his own cock and gave it several slow, indulgent tugs as he moaned breathlessly. It was at this point that Thranduil had finally reached his limit and he broke.

Looking up at the impossibly alluring face above him, he choked out through gritted teeth, "Please."

Thranduil groaned in relief when Legolas began to impale himself on his cock in small movements, his eyes fluttering shut, as Thranduil bit the inside of his mouth to stop himself from

bucking up into him and shivered as he realised just how close he was coming to losing control and pulling him forcefully down by his hips. After what felt like an eternity, Legolas had finished his descend and was fully seated as he stilled to adjust to the intrusion, his flushed face covered in a light sheen of sweat, his eyes shut, as he breathed in ragged pants, perhaps in pain. The tremors running through Thranduil's thighs from the effort of keeping still while the tight muscles around him convulsed had only intensified and he fervently hoped that Legolas would be ready soon as the urge to thrust became overwhelming and he was not sure he could continue to restrain himself for much longer.

Finally, as he felt the walls around him relax slightly, Legolas lifted himself a fraction before sliding back down with a gasp. He repeated this movement experimentally a few times as Thranduil's fingernails dug into his hips in a bruising grip. When Legolas opened his eyes and met his gaze with a wild hunger, Thranduil felt the remnants of his self-control shatter and he could not stop himself from thrusting up into the supple body above him, gripping his hips as leverage, as a long, lavish moan broke from his throat. He watched possessively as a shiver rippled through Legolas as he began to meet his thrusts, still shallow but increasingly forceful, one hand on Thranduil's stomach while the other reached back and used his thigh for support, as his head was once again thrown back. Thranduil was transfixed by the image of his son riding him as a flush spread across his perfect body and he began to moan, his rock-hard cock straining against his stomach.

His desire to extend the exquisite pleasure that was now washing over him like a waterfall was the only thing stopping him from pounding into the body in his arms and seeking a quick release but very soon the urge became too much and shaking off the mental binds of restraint, he changed the grip on his son's hips so he had more control and, spreading his own legs for better leverage, began to roughly lift his hips before slamming him down onto his cock in time with his thrusts with a degree of brutality as Legolas moaned like an animal in heat. He watched his hand drift down to his straining erection as he began to stroke himself, his head still thrown back in almost painful pleasure, before Thranduil swatted his hand away.

Gripping both of his hands, he pulled them towards him before burying them in his own hair while he seized his mouth in a brutal, open-mouthed kiss. The way Legolas's body bent across him allowed him to change angles and as he rolled his hips upwards he felt Legolas mowl into his mouth and meet his thrusts, which felt divine but after a while it was not enough. Picking him up with effortless strength, he flipped them over in one smooth movement while still inside him until Legolas lay on his back, slightly surprised, and Thranduil, bending him almost in half, began to pound into him with all the vigour he possessed.

As he felt Legolas clench around him as his moans took on a desperate quality and his hands fisted sloppily in his hair, Thranduil realised with a thrill that he was able to hit his prostate on every thrust. Legolas was quickly reduced to a sweaty, trembling wreck until his ragged moans grew so loud that he was sure they would be heard by others and just as he felt him approach climax he suddenly stilled his hips, which took enormous strength of will that he did not realise he still possessed until that moment but for which he was greatly rewarded when he heard Legolas curse with words that would make a dwarf blush as he writhed against Thranduil desperately and positively keened. He opened his eyes and looked straight at his father, looking absolutely livid, which made Thranduil even harder in an instant.

"*Why?*" he whined when he was able to breathe again as he continued to try to buck against Thranduil.

"Because I can," Thranduil replied with a smirk as Legolas's breath hitched, though he looked no less murderous for it.

Changing tact, Legolas tightened his grip in Thranduil's hair, pulling a low growl from his throat, before scraping his nails down his back in a way that made Thranduil lose his concentration and thrust into him involuntarily before he could stop himself. He wanted to wipe off the slightly smug look that now graced his son's face but he was not sure that his rapidly-diminishing will power was sufficient for the task. He was desperately torn between wishing to torture him and wishing to plunge into him with reckless abandon until he found his release.

Before he could settle on a course of action, Legolas's hands returned to his hair as he used the leverage to pull Thranduil towards him by the roots before positioning the column of his long neck against his mouth and, baring his teeth in a distinctly animalistic way, bit him with such force that Thranduil knew he would draw blood even as his mind stopped working completely and he could not contain a long, broken moan as his hips stuttered forward momentarily before he re-established control over himself. He found himself both indignant and incredibly aroused.

Removing the hands from his hair with force, Thranduil brought them above Legolas's head, swiftly linking them and keeping them pinned down with one hand as he used the other to grab his delicately chiselled jaw in a painful grip as he relished the look of defiance and a hint of genuine fear in his eyes that went straight to his cock. Forcing his jaw to the side, he kept him still as he lowered his lips to his ear.

"If you continue to defy me," he whispered in the coldest voice he could muster, his moist breath grazing Legolas's ear, making him shiver, "I will tie you to this bed by your hands and feet and I will spend hours, perhaps days, bringing you to the edge of orgasm and pulling you back until you are so aroused that you learn to come from just my voice alone. I am prepared to spend as long as it takes, Legolas. I am patient. I can wait."

The effect on Legolas was transcendent. Seismic tremors coursed through his body as his walls clenched furiously around Thranduil's cock, and he choked on a long, broken moan as he struggled to breathe around ragged pants. He was absolutely breathtaking and it made Thranduil delirious, like an animal in heat. It was too much. He would have enjoyed making him beg again but he was too far gone and he desperately needed relief.

As soon as he released his son's wrists, Legolas's head fell back, his eyes fluttering shut with a grateful sigh, as his hands snaked around Thranduil and settled firmly on his backside, his nails sinking sinfully into the flesh even as tremors continued to ripple through his body. Thranduil placed his own hands on the mattress on either side of Legolas's body for leverage and, at an angle that almost bent Legolas's gloriously flexible body in two, he plunged into him with a growl and fucked him in an uncontrolled frenzy. He felt heady as his son's hips met his every thrust while his hands – nails still embedded fiercely in his flesh – pulled him even deeper inside on every stroke as Legolas moaned deliriously, his long legs wrapping even more tightly around him as his walls fluttered deliciously around Thranduil's painfully hard cock.

Thranduil felt seized by a fevered madness as he established a brutal, savage rhythm that he was sure Legolas would feel for days, which he could not bring himself to care about, as he ruthlessly chased his release. When he felt he could not hold back anymore, he changed the angle of his hips deftly so his deep, punishing thrusts once again grazed Legolas's prostate on every plunge and he viscerally, utterly and completely lost himself in every groan, mewl and moan that now fell from his son's sweet lips as he was rapidly approaching orgasm.

Bending down slightly, Thranduil lowered himself until his lips hovered just above Legolas and licked his lower lip without once slowing down his hips and when Legolas parted his lips to moan, Thranduil plunged his tongue into his scorching, wet mouth as he fucked into it in tempo with his thrusts. He felt overcome with pleasure and when Legolas threaded a hand in his hair and gripped

him by the roots, he could not stop himself from groaning as he continued to thrust into him with very little awareness of anything besides the hot, tight body wrapped around him.

Suddenly, he felt Legolas clamp down on him as his walls started to seize wildly as he approached climax with a protracted, pained moan and as every muscle in his body tensed, his hands clenching, hips bucking wildly, Thranduil felt his cock erupt where it was pressed between their stomachs in a series of long, powerful spurts that felt delectably hot against his skin. Thranduil was helpless to do anything but follow him into orgasm with a deep, feral groan as he finished deep inside him over several long, brutal – almost violent – thrusts, continuing to fuck Legolas mercilessly as his fluttering muscles milked him until every last drop of him was spent deep inside his supple, lithe body, the fingers fisting his hair making him come harder than he could ever remember.

Utterly drained, Thranduil collapsed on Legolas and remained there, still inside him, as Legolas wrapped his arms around his waist in a lazy grip as his trembling subsided. It felt nice to rest against his lovely body even as he distantly dreaded dealing with whatever aftermath was sure to follow. Once he had sufficiently recovered his breath, he lifted himself up by his arms and saw that Legolas had his eyes closed, his cheeks stained with deep crimson, as his breathing began to even out. He pulled out as gently as he could, as his son's face crinkled slightly, before rolling over and pulling his son into his body possessively, lying on his side while his arm draped over his son's hip and settled on his toned stomach. His consciousness receded until he was somewhere between awake and asleep and he rested there silently.

Thranduil had awakened from his reverie to find that his body was now wrapped even more tightly around his son's as he enveloped Legolas with every inch of his skin that the position allowed. He knew he should fetch a cloth and clean up but he could not bring himself to move. Glancing over, he found Legolas awake, his eyes fixed on something on the wall. He knew he had felt him rouse from the minute shift in his body but for a long moment, neither of them spoke, until the silence became too much.

"Why did you hesitate?" asked Legolas softly, nervously.

Thranduil paused for a long time before replying, "Do you ever read the poetry of men?"

"No," he replied.

"I do not either, it is mostly drivel. But there was a man I knew in the second age, before you were even born, by the name of Jonson. He had a son, his first-born, who died. He penned a poem that has stayed with me ever since, perhaps because of the depth of grief that inspired it."

"A poem?" Legolas replied as scepticism graced his fair features. Thranduil could hardly blame him. It is not like he had ever encouraged the study of poetry, let alone that of men.

"Yes. Though much of it is lost to me, I remember the beginning. *Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy; my sin was too much hope of thee, lov'd boy.* I am afraid that I do not remember the rest, except the last four lines, which are etched indelibly in my mind.

*Rest in soft peace, and, ask'd, say, "Here doth lie
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry."
For whose sake henceforth all his vows be such,
As what he loves may never like too much.*

It is hardly a masterpiece, even by the standards of men. But for some reason, I have not been able to erase it from my mind. He blamed himself for his son's death, Legolas. He believed the Valar took his son as punishment for loving him too much, more than he loved anything. More than anyone. More than life."

Legolas snorted softly, "I doubt he loved him in that way." At Thranduil's serious look, all humour left his face.

"I do not know. Perhaps not. But of late I have found my mind drifting to those lines nonetheless."

"Do you wish for us to stop?" Legolas asked cautiously.

"Yes," he replied bluntly and felt Legolas stiffen against him. If nothing else, his son deserved his honesty. "But I cannot. I am not strong enough to resist you and I could not bear it if you left me."

A loud silence filled the room as both father and son were consumed in their own, overlapping thoughts before Thranduil broke it by echoing his question.

"Do *you* wish for us to stop?"

"No," Legolas answered quickly, unequivocally. "I want this."

His fate sealed, Thranduil sighed as he resigned himself to the darkness that had stalked him for weeks, the resolution clarifying some of his tension even as he felt an indistinct sense of sorrow settle in his heart. Pulling Legolas towards him so that his chin rested on his shoulder, he placed a gentle kiss on his son's forehead and held him tightly, as a single tear glided down his cheek, disappearing into his son's golden hair, so much like his own.

Chapter End Notes

Well, that's it! Please, please, please let me know what you thought and what you liked and didn't like about it. This was my first ever fanfic and I am so grateful to all of you for your very kind words of encouragement and support. I definitely intend to write more.

The poem Thranduil quotes is called 'On My First Son' by Ben Jonson, written in 1603, and it's about his grief at losing his son and I am definitely going to hell for twisting it for my own purposes but I could not resist.

An invitation to imbibe further

Just a quick update to say that I have written and posted the Eldrond/Legolas one-shot based on this story, called Necessity, which is just as smutty as this one and which you can find here:

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/27632668/chapters/67608241>

Oh and I've decided to give Twitter a go and set up an account for chatting about fanfiction and other related stuff. Link up with me on @artemisia3000.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!